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THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

THE events of the past week on the Continent, following each other with marvellous rapidity, necessarily lend peculiar interest to all that concerns the Prussian Court; and as one member of it, at least, has claims upon us that no mere adventitious circumstances, however startling, could give, we seize the opportunity to publish her portrait, as copied from a photograph taken only a few weeks ago. The Crown Princess of Prussia was always a favourite in this country, not only as the eldest daughter of our Queen, but on account of her own high personal qualities, alike of head and heart. Some, at least, of our readers will remember the tremendous enthusiasm attending her wedding, with the earnestly and loyally expressed wishes of a nation for her happiness, of which she carried the pleasant remembrance to her new home; nor was her welcome less marked or affectionate at Berlin. The marriage, it will be remembered, took place in the chapel of St. James's Palace, with all the splendour of modern state ceremonial. The late Prince Consort and King Leopold were present; the day was kept as a general holiday; the Poet Laureate wrote the Epithalamium, the "Farewell, fair Rose of May," having been, it was confidently reported, suggested by the Queen herself; and the bridal gifts embraced hundreds of tokens of affectionate regard from all parts of the country, including many from the children of England.

Her Royal Highness Princess Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise, the Crown Princess of Prussia and Princess Royal of England, was born on the 21st November, 1840, and married on the 25th January, 1858, his Royal Highness Frederick William Nicholas Charles, now Crown Prince of Prussia. As was stated in our sketch of the Crown Princesses of Europe, a few months ago, she is probably the most beloved of them



THE CROWN PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA.

(From a Photograph.)

all, and in Prussia is looked upon as a fit successor to their present good Queen. Her acquaintance with the Crown Prince of Prussia began in the summer of 1857, when he paid a visit to the Royal Family of England. Queen Victoria has related in her "Diary" the story of this royal love; how, during an excursion to the Highlands, the princely hearts came to an understanding, and how the royal parents wished to postpone the proposed marriage for a while, "because Vicky was still so young!" Nevertheless, the marriage took place, as we have seen, on the 25th of January of the following year; and the royal couple

has again to send her husband forth to the battle, while she promptly and bravely prepares to provide, as she did four years ago, with all the tender solicitude of a noble-minded woman's nature, for the wants of the sufferers who will unhappily only too soon need such care. The *New Prussian Gazette* of Monday evening announced that the King had appointed the Crown Prince of Prussia to the command-in-chief of the South German Army. The *Gazette* adds that this appointment is a proof, not only of how highly important the King considers the post, but also of the most satisfactory fact—never doubted by Prussia—that the offensive and defensive alliance would be faithfully adhered to by all the South German States.

The Cryptogram.

By the Author of "The Dodge Club," &c.

CHAPTER X.

A WEDDING IN EXTREMIS.

AN interval of two days: on the third Guy Molyneux arrived. Lord Chetwynde was ill, and could not travel. He sent a letter, however, full of earnest and hopeful sympathy. He would not believe that things were as bad as his old friend feared; the instant that he could leave he would come up to Pomeroy Court; or if, by God's providence, the worst should take place, he would instantly fetch Zillah to Chetwynde Castle; and the General might rely upon it, that so far as love and tenderness could supply a father's place, she should not feel her loss.

On Guy's arrival he was shown into the library. Luncheon was laid there, and the housekeeper apologised for Miss Pomeroy's absence. Guy took a chair and waited for a while, meditating on the time when he had last seen the girl who in a short time was to be tied to him for life. The event was excessively repugnant to him, even though he did not at all realise its full importance; and he would have given anything to get out of it; but his father's command was sacred, and for years he had been bound by his father's word. Escape was utterly impossible. The entrance of the clergyman, who seemed more intent on the luncheon than anything else, did not lessen Guy's feelings of repugnance. He said but little, and sank into a fit of abstraction, from which he was roused by a message that the General would like to see him. He hurried upstairs.

The General smiled faintly, and greeted him with as much warmth as his weak and prostrated condition would allow.

"Guy, my boy," said he, feebly, "I am very glad to see you."

To Guy the General seemed like a doomed man, and the discovery gave him a great shock, for he had scarcely anticipated anything so bad as this. In spite of this, however, he expressed a hope that the General might yet recover, and be spared many years to them.

"No," said the General, sadly and wearily; "no, my days are numbered. I must die, my boy, but I shall die in peace, if I feel that I do not leave my child uncared for."

Guy, in spite of his dislike and repugnance, felt deeply moved.

"You need have no fear of that, Sir," he went on to say, in solemn, measured tones. "I solemnly promise you that no unhappiness shall ever reach her if I can help it. To the end of my life I will try to requite to her the kindness that you have shown us. My father feels as I do, and he begged me to assure you, if he is not able to see you again, as he hopes to do, that the instant your daughter needs his care he will himself take her to Chetwynde Castle, and will watch over her with the same care and affection that you yourself would bestow; and she shall leave his home only for mine."

The General pressed his hand feebly. "God bless you!" he said, in a faint voice.

Suddenly a low sob broke the silence which followed. Turning hastily, Guy saw in the dim twilight of the sick room what he had not before observed. It was a girl's figure crouching at the foot of the bed, her head buried in the clothes. He looked at her—his heart told him who it was—but he knew not what to say.

The General also had heard that sob. It raised no pity and compassion in him; it was simply some new stimulus to the one idea of his distempered brain.

"What, Zillah!" he said, in surprise. "You here yet? I thought you had gone to get ready."

Still the kneeling figure did not move.

"Zillah," said the General, querulously, and with an excitement in his feeble voice which showed how readily he might lapse into complete delirium—"Zillah, my child, be quick. There is no time to lose. Go and get ready for your wedding. Don't you hear me? Go and dress yourself."

"Oh, papa!" moaned Zillah, in a voice which pierced to the inmost heart of Guy, "will it not do as I am? Do not ask me to put on finery at a time like this!" Her voice was one of utter anguish and despair.

"A time like this?" said the General, rousing himself somewhat—"what do you mean, child? Does not the Bible say, Like as a bride adorneth herself—for her husband—and ever shall be—world without end—amen—yes—white satin and pearls, my child—oh yes—white pearls and satin—we are all ready—where are you, my darling?" Another sob was the only reply to this incoherent speech. Guy stood as if petrified. In his journey here he had simply tried to muster up his own resolution, and to fortify his own heart. He had not given one thought to this poor despairing child. Her sorrow, her anguish, her despair, now went to his heart. Yet he knew not what to do. How gladly he would have made his escape from this horrible mockery—for her sake as well as for his own! But for such escape he saw plainly there was no possibility. That delicious mind, in its frenzy, was too intent upon its one purpose to admit of this. He himself also felt a strange and painful sense of guilt. Was not he to a great extent the cause of this, though the unwilling cause? Ah! he thought, remorsefully, can wrong be right? and can anything justify such a desecration as this both of marriage and of death? At that moment Chetwynde faded away, and to have saved it was as nothing. Willingly would he have given up everything if he could now have said to this poor child—who thus crouched down, crushed by a woman's sorrow before she had known a woman's years—"Farewell. You are free. I will give you a brother's love and claim nothing in return. I will give back all, and go forth penniless into the battle of life."

But the General again interrupted them, speaking impatiently: "What are you waiting for? Is not Zillah getting ready?"

Guy scarcely knew what he was doing; but, obeying the instincts of his pity, he bent down and whispered to Zillah, "My poor child, I pity you, and sympathise with you more than words can tell. It is an awful thing for you. But can you not rouse yourself? Perhaps it would calm your father. He is getting too excited."

Zillah shrank away as though he were pollution, and Guy at this resumed his former place in sadness and in desperation, with no other idea than to wait for the end.

"Zillah! Zillah!" cried the General, almost fiercely. At this Zillah sprang up, and rushed out of the room. She hurried upstairs, and found the ayah in her dressing-room with Hilda. In the next room her white silk was laid out, her wreath and veil beside it.

"Here's my jewel come to be dressed in her wedding-dress," said the ayah, joyously.

"Be quiet!" cried Zillah, passionately. "Don't dare to say anything like that to me; and you may put all that trash away, for I'm not going to be married at all! I can't do it, and I won't. I hate him! I hate him! I hate him!"

These words she hissed out with the venom of a serpent. Her attendants tried remonstrance, but in vain. Hilda pointed out to her the handsome dress, but with no greater success. Vainly they tried to plead, to coax, and to persuade. All this only seemed to strengthen her determination. At last she threw herself upon the floor, like a passionate child, in a paroxysm of rage and grief.

The unwanted self-control which for the last few days she had imposed upon herself now told upon her in the violence of the reaction which had set in. When once she had allowed the barriers to be broken down, all else gave way to the onset of passion, and the presence and remonstrances of the ayah and Hilda only made it worse.

Another quarter of an hour passed. The General's excitement grew worse, and was deepening into frenzy. Dr. Cowell looked more and more anxious, and at last, shrewdly suspecting the cause of the delay, determined himself to go and take it in hand. He accordingly left his patient, and was just crossing the room, when his progress was arrested by the General's springing up with a kind of convulsive start, and jumping out of bed, declaring wildly and incoherently that something must be wrong, and that he himself would go and bring Zillah. The Doctor had to turn again to his patient. The effort was a spasmodic one, and the General was soon put back again to bed, where he lay groaning and panting; while the Doctor, finding that he could not leave him even for an instant, looked around for someone to send in his place. Who could it be? Neither the lawyer nor the clergyman seemed suitable. There was no one left but Guy, who seemed to the Doctor, from his face and manner, to be capable of dealing with any difficulty. So he called Guy to him, and hurriedly whispered to him the state of things.

"If the General has to wait any longer, he will die," said the Doctor. "You'll have to go and bring her. You're the only person. You must. Tell her that her father has already had one fit, and that every moment destroys his last chance of life. She must either decide to come at once, or else sacrifice him."

He then rang the bell, and ordered the servant to lead Captain Molyneux to Miss Pomeroy. Guy was thus forced to be an actor where his highest desire was to be passive. There was no alternative. In that moment all his future was involved. He saw it; he knew it; but he did not shrink. Honour bound him to this marriage, hateful as it was. The other actor in the scene detested it as much as he did, but there was no help for it. Could he sit passive and let the General die? The marriage, after all, he thought, had to come off; it was terrible to have it now; but then the last chance of the General's life was dependent upon this marriage. What could he do?

What? A rapid survey of his whole situation decided him. He would perform what he considered his vow. He would do his part toward saving the General's life, though that part was so hard. He was calm, therefore, and self-possessed as the servant entered and led the way to Zillah's apartments. The servant on receiving the order grinned, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion. He had a pretty clear idea of the state of things; he was well accustomed to what was styled in the servants' hall, "Missy's tantrums," and he wondered to himself how Guy would ever manage her. He was too good a servant, however, to let his feelings be seen, and so he led the way demurely, and, knocking at Zillah's door, announced—

"Captain Molyneux."

The door was at once opened by the ayah. At that instant Zillah sprang to her feet and looked at him in a fury of passion.

"You!" she cried, with indescribable malignancy. "You! You here! How dare you come here? Go downstairs this instant! If it is my money you want, take it all and begone. I will never, never, never marry you!"

For a moment Guy was overcome. The taunt was certainly horrible. He turned pale, but soon regained his self-possession.

"Miss Pomeroy," said he, quietly, yet earnestly, "this is not the time for a scene. Your father is in the utmost danger. He has waited for an hour and a quarter. He is getting worse every moment. He made one attempt to get out of bed, and come for you himself. The Doctor ordered me to come, and that is why I am here."

"I don't believe you," screamed Zillah. "You are trying to frighten me."

"I have nothing to say," replied Guy, mournfully. "Your father is rapidly getting into a state of frenzy. If it lasts much longer he will die."

Guy's words penetrated to Zillah's inmost soul. A wild fear arose, which in a moment chased away the fury which had possessed her. Her face changed. She struck her hands against her brow, and uttered an exclamation of terror.

"Tell him—tell him—I'm coming. Make haste," she moaned. "I'll be down immediately. Oh, make haste."

She hurried back, and Guy went downstairs again, where he waited at the bottom with his soul in a strange tumult, and his heart on fire. Why was it that he had been told for all this—he and that wretched child! But now Zillah was all changed. Now she was as excited in her haste to go downstairs as she had before been anxious to avoid it. She rushed back to the bedroom where Hilda was, who, though unseen, had heard everything, and, foreseeing what the end might be, was now getting things ready.

"Be quick, Hilda!" she gasped. "Papa is dying! Oh, be quick—be quick! Let me save him!"

She literally took off the dress that she had on, and in less than five minutes she was dressed. She would not stop for Hilda to arrange her wreath, and was rushing downstairs without her veil, when the ayah ran after her with it.

"You are leaving your luck, Missy darling," said she. "Ay—that I am," said Zillah, bitterly.

"But you will put it on, Missy?" pleaded the ayah. "Sahib has talked so much about it."

Zillah stopped. The ayah threw it over her, and enveloped her in its soft folds.

"It was your mother's veil, Missy," she added. "Give me a kiss for her sake before you go."

Zillah flung her arms around the old woman's neck. "Hush, hush!" she said. "Do not make me give way again, or I can never do it."

At the foot of the stairs Guy was waiting, and they entered the room solemnly together—these two victims—each summoning up all that Honour and Duty might supply to assist in what each felt to be a sacrifice of all life and happiness. But to Zillah the sacrifice was worse, the task was harder, and the ordeal more dreadful. For it was her father, not Guy's, who lay there, with a face that already seemed to have the touch of death; it was

she who felt to its fullest extent the ghastliness of this hideous mockery.

But the General, whose eyes were turned eagerly toward the door, found in this scene nothing but joy. In his frenzy he regarded them as blessed and happy, and felt this to be the full realisation of his highest hopes.

"Ah!" he said, with a long gasp; "here she is at last. Let us begin at once."

So the little group formed itself round the bed, the ayah and Hilda being present in the background.

In a low voice the clergyman began the marriage service. Far more solemn and impressive did it sound now than when heard under circumstances of gaiety and splendour; and as the words sank into Guy's soul, he reproached himself more than ever for never having considered the meaning of the act to which he had so thoughtlessly pledged himself.

The General had now grown calm. He lay perfectly motionless, gazing wistfully at his daughter's face. So quiet was he, and so fixed was his gaze, that they thought he had sunk into some abstracted fit; but when the clergyman, with some hesitation, asked the question,

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" the General instantly responded, in a firm voice, "I do." Then reaching forth, he took Zillah's hand, and instead of giving it to the clergyman, he himself placed it within Guy's, and for a moment held both hands in his, while he seemed to be praying for a blessing to rest on their union.

The service proceeded. Solemnly the priest uttered the warning: "Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder." Solemnly, too, he pronounced the benediction—"May ye so live together in this life as to have no other life everlasting."

And so, for better or worse, Guy Molyneux and Zillah Pomeroy rose up—man and wife!

After the marriage ceremony was over the clergyman administered the Holy Communion—all who were present partaking with the General; and solemn indeed was the thought that filled the mind of each, that ere long, perhaps, one of their number might be—not figuratively, but literally—"with angels and archangels, and all the company of heaven."

After this all over the Doctor gave the General a soothing draught. He was quite calm now; he took it without objection; and it had the effect of throwing him soon into a quiet sleep.

The clergyman and the lawyer now departed; and the Doctor, motioning to Guy and Zillah to leave the room, took his place, with an anxious countenance, by the General's bedside. The husband and wife went into the adjoining room, from which they could hear the deep breathing of the sick man.

It was an awkward moment. Guy had to depart in a short time. That sullen, stolid girl who now sat before him, black and gloomy as a thunder-cloud, was his wife. He was going away, perhaps for ever. He did not know exactly how to treat her; whether with indifference as a wilful child, or compassionate attention as one deeply afflicted. On the whole he felt deeply for her, in spite of his own forebodings of his future; and so he followed the more generous dictates of his heart. Her utter loneliness, and the thought that her father might soon be taken away, touched him deeply; and this feeling was evident in his whole manner as he spoke.

"Zillah," said he, "our regiment sails for India several days sooner than I first expected, and it is necessary for me to leave in a short time. You, of course, are to remain with your father, and I hope that he may soon be restored to you. Let me assure you that this whole scene has been, under the circumstances, most painful, for your sake, for I have felt keenly that I was the innocent cause of great sorrow to you."

He spoke to her calmly, and as a father would to a child, and at the same time reached out his hand to take hers. She snatched it away quickly.

"Captain Molyneux," said she coldly, "I married you solely to please my father, and because he was not in a state to have his wishes opposed. It was a sacrifice of myself, and a bitter one. As to you, I put no trust in you, and take no interest whatever in your plans. But there is one thing which I wish you to tell me. What did papa mean by saying to the Doctor, that if I did not marry you I should lose one half of my fortune?"

Zillah's manner at once chilled all the warm feelings of pity and generosity which Guy had begun to feel. Her question also was an embarrassing one. He had hoped that the explanation might come later, and from his father. It was an awkward one for him to make. "But Zillah was looking at him impatiently.

"Surely," she continued, in a stern voice, as she noticed his hesitation, "that is a question which I have a right to ask."

"Of course," said Guy, hastily. "I will tell you. It was because more than half your fortune was taken to pay off the debt on Chetwynde Castle."

A deep, angry, crimson flush passed over Zillah's face. "So that is the reason why I have been sold!" she cried, impetuously. "Well, Sir, your manœuvring has succeeded nobly. Let me congratulate you. You have taken in a guileless old man and a young girl."

Guy looked at her for a moment in fierce indignation. But with a great effort he subdued it, and answered, as calmly as possible—

"You do not know either my father or myself, or you would be convinced that such language could not apply to either of us. The proposal originally emanated entirely from General Pomeroy."

"Ah!" said Zillah, fiercely. "But you were base enough to take advantage of his generosity and his love for his old friend. Oh!" she cried, bursting into tears, "that is what I feel, that he could sacrifice me, who loved him so, for your sakes. I honestly believed once that it was his anxiety to find me a protector."

Guy's face had grown very pale.

"And so it was," he said, in a voice which was deep and tremulous from his strong effort at self-control. "He trusted my father, and trusted me, and wished to protect you from unprincipled fortune-hunters."

"Fortune-hunters!" cried Zillah, her face flushed, and

with accents of indescribable scorn. "Good heavens! What are you if you are not this very thing? Oh, how I hate you! how I hate you!"

Guy looked at her, and for a moment was on the point of answering her in the same fashion, and pouring out all his scorn and contempt. But again he restrained himself.

"You are excited," he said, coolly. "One of these days you will find out your mistake. You will learn, as you grow older, that the name of Chetwynde cannot be coupled with charges like these. In the meantime, allow me to advise you not to be quite so free in your language when you are addressing honourable gentlemen; and to suggest that your father, who loved you better than any one in the world, may possibly have had some cause for the confidence which he felt in us."

There was a coolness in Guy's tone which showed that he did not think it worth while to be angry with her, or to resent her insults. But Zillah did not notice this. She went on as before—

"There is one thing which I will never forgive."

"Indeed? Well, your forgiveness is so very important that I should like to know what it is that prevents me from gaining it."

"The way in which I have been deceived!" burst forth Zillah, fiercely. "If papa had wished to give you half of his money, or all of it, I should not have cared a bit. I do not care for that at all. By why did nobody tell me the truth! Why was I told that it was out of regard to me that this horror, this frightful mockery of marriage was forced upon me, while my heart was breaking with anxiety about my father; when to you I was only a necessary evil, without which you could not hope to get my father's money; and the only good I can possibly have is the future privilege of living in a place whose very name I loathe, with the man who has cheated me, and whom all my life I shall hate and abhor? Now go! and I pray God I may never see you again."

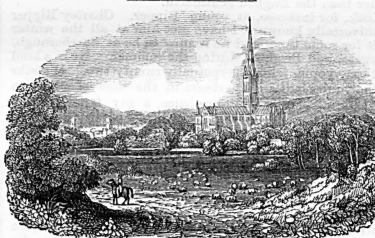
With these words, and without waiting for a reply, she left the room, leaving Guy in a state of mind by no means enviable.

He stood staring after her. "And that thing is mine for life!" he thought: "that woman! utterly destitute of sense and of reason! Oh, Chetwynde, Chetwynde! you have cost me dear. See you again, my pearl of a wife! I hope not. No, never while I live. Some of these days I'll give you back your sixty thousand with interest. And you, why you may go where you will!"

Half an hour afterwards Guy was seated in the dog-cart bowling to the station as fast as two thorough-breds could take him; every moment congratulating himself on the increasing distance which was separating him from his bride of an hour.

The Doctor watched all that night. On the following morning the General was senseless. Next day he died.

(To be continued.)



A SUMMER DAY.

THERE'S a gaping rent in the curtain
That longs for a needle and thread;
There's a garment that ought to be finished,
And a book that wants to be read.
There's a letter that ought to be answered,
There are clothes to fold away,
And I know these tasks are wanting,
And ought to be done to-day.

But how can I mend the curtain
While watching this silvery cloud?
And how can I finish the garment
When the robin calls so loud?
And the whispering trees are telling
Such stories above my head,
That I can but lie and listen,
And the book is all unread.

If I try to write the letter,
I am sure one-half the words
Will be in the curious language
Of my chattering friends, the birds.
The lilacs bloom in the sunshine,
The roses nod and smile,
And the clothes that ought to be folded
And ironed must wait a while.

I lie in the chestnut shadows,
And gaze at the summer sky,
Bidding the cares and troubles
And trials of life pass by.
The beautiful chestnut blossoms
Are falling about my feet,
And the dreamy air is laden
With their odours rare and sweet.
The honey-bees hum in the clover,
The grasses rise and fall,
The robin stops and listens
As he hears the brown thrush call.

And the birds sing to me softly,
The butterfly flits away—
Oh, what could be sweeter than living
This beautiful summer-day!

Two Letters.

BY MRS. W. A. THOMPSON,
Author of "Sue and I," &c.

PART III.

AS the time drew on for the doctor's last call (I seemed to connect something portentous with it), I got myself up with extremest care in a white merino wrapper, only used on state occasions, and the jauntiest of little scarlet jackets edged with swansdown. I stood a long time before the glass, putting up and taking down the long, brown hair, which was one of my strong points.

The door was suddenly thrown open, but it was not Dr. Hayes who rushed into the room and seized both my hands with treasonable intent to kiss me, as in the old days. I slipped out of Charlie's grasp into an arm-chair, and braced myself to an encounter.

"Oh, Maggie, to think that you have been ill so long and not a word sent to me! But you are looking so lovely, you must be well again."

This was mollifying, in spite of that elect lady of his, whom I kept rigidly in my mind's eye.

"He's come! here he is!" was Frank's cry to the rear-guard, and they all poured in, perching themselves close about their favourite.

"I couldn't imagine why you didn't answer that letter; was it too silly?"

"Was it the letter I brought to you?" said Frank, swooping on the white merino.

"Yes, yes," I cried, to ward him off at any cost.

"Charlie, do tell us what was in it. Daisy fainted away as soon as she read it, and has been sick ever since."

If you could have seen Charlie's face! A month before such a speech would have made me long for a trap-door, but now a curious bravery possessed me to watch the effect of it. He glanced at the boys desperately, but I had no idea of sending away my natural defenders.

"Look here, you fellows," said Charlie, at last, "I want to tell Maggie something."

"And you don't want us to hear it? Never you mind; we'll get it all out of Maggie when you're gone." And they all trooped out with heads high in air.

"Is this true, Maggie?—only tell me is this true?" and all at once he was on his knees beside my chair, reading my face as a near-sighted person does a book.

"I don't understand you, Charlie."

"Yes you do. Was it my letter that—that—"

"Gave me a slow fever, do you mean? How absurd! I had been ill for days, and when I gave in at last, it happened to be your letter and the baby that I held in my hands, but I should have fainted all the same with the dustpan and brush. Now tell me something about that 'lovely woman,' and get off your knees to begin with."

"Not till you confess that you cared more for my letter than for the dustpan."

"Now, Charlie, I want to reason with you—"

"Heaven forbid! You have coaxed and teased and scolded me ever since I knew you, but reasoned with me never."

Then mother's welcome step sounded in the hall.

"Hang it!" said Charlie, getting on his feet at last.

"What a house this is!—one might as well live out of doors."

"We never did have a sitting with closed doors, and I don't know why we should begin now."

"Charlie, you have stayed too long when Maggie is so weak. Go away now, and come to-morrow."

Charlie took himself off with a very ill grace indeed.

"Has the doctor been here, mother?"

"No; I saw him driving down the Precinct-road. He can't be back before afternoon. You might as well have a sleep."

I scorned the idea in my heart. Go to sleep after such a scene with Charlie, and perhaps something might happen when Dr. Hayes came! Impossible! I lay back in the easy-chair and shut my eyes, so as to think better, as people do in church. It looked very much as if Charlie was off with the new love, and wanted to be on with the old; or else he meant to be "a brother" to me; but I was overburdened already with that commodity. I wondered now how I could ever have thought of trusting my whole life in his hands—he was so boyish, so impulsive, so inferior to Dr. Hayes. The doctor must have had it all his own way in my mind for a long time, for when I opened my eyes the afternoon sun was streaming in at the windows.

The room was empty, but some one had been there and gone; on a little table beside me lay an exquisite bunch of violets, and a letter: "Miss Dalrymple"—that was all. I turned it over and over before I took the plunge of opening it. It began:—

"MY DEAR DAISY, I hope this letter will not wholly surprise you. I meant to keep heart-whole until I could marry. Man proposes, but Love disposes without consulting him at all. You gave my heart-strings a tug the first time I laid eyes on you, and in these few weeks I have learned to love you dearly. I do not ask you to love me now in the same unreasoning way. A long engagement is the most harrowing thing in life; I would not so bind you to my will and pleasure if I could. But the dismal fact is, that I could not marry for two or three years yet, even if all things go well with me, and they have always had a habit of going contrivance. My mother reduced herself to starvation-point to give me my education and profession. I must make up her little property to her before I can think of myself, and saving is slow work. I entreat you not to suppose that I take anything for granted as regards your feeling toward me. It may be that you are already attached, or even engaged, to some one else. If it be so, I shall find it out in time, and gather grace somehow to be resigned to my fate. I only ask you, if you are altogether heart-free, to think as kindly of me as may be while I am working hard to deserve you. I might have kept my declaration of love till I could have offered you marriage at the same time—most men do, I believe—but I thought it might sometimes give you a moment's pleasure

in the depth of some worry, or the height of boy-tyranny, to think that one man had eyes to see the sweet unselfishness of your character, and to love you for it so long as he lives.

"Good-bye, my Daisy, for a long time.

"JULIAN HAYES."

The spotless delicacy of this letter, the self-sacrifice of confiding his love to me without asking anything in return was too much for me. I had liked him very much before, but now I fell in love with him beyond all hope of rescue, and all the more because I suspected that he had heard of Charlie's defection, and had hit upon this way of applying balm to the wound.

I was wrought up to quite a pitch of self-sacrifice myself, but there was really nothing for me to do but to get well as fast as possible, and lift the corner of my mother's burden. My business at present was to keep Charlie at arm's length, which was easily done with just a word in mother's ear: the moment he appeared she left everything to brood over me, as if I were the only chick left of her nine. He had to go back to his work in the city without relieving his mind of the burden which seemed to lie heavy upon it.

I thought of my next meeting with Dr. Hayes with a flutter of dread, but he behaved so entirely like other people on that occasion and many succeeding ones that I had to take his letter out of my treasure-box and read it over at least twice each time to convince myself that I had not dreamed it all. The letter was an unspeakable comfort to me, holding out a distant yet sure entrance into a peaceful home, which should be my very own. When I was stung all over with pin-pricks of vexation, I said in my heart, as perhaps Rachel did when she saw Jacob afar off tending her father's sheep, "It is only for seven years—not for ever;" and even if the seven years were doubled, I knew that boys, like wine, improve with keeping, and he had promised to love me while his life lasted. Somehow I never doubted that promise. Steadfastness was written all over him. Sometimes in church I stole furtive looks at him, and wondered if I could ever become used to walking up the middle aisle in his wake, as other wives did, when he was no blood-relation.

It was early a year after my fever that I went every day for a few hours to sit an hour with a poor girl who had been a seamstress in our family and in others in the village. She was the softest-hearted, meekest of women, having no will of her own, and no courage to assert it if she had. She was led away by some ruthless villain to commit the unpardonable sin among women, and, though her repentance was swift and sincere, she was now forbidden every house except ours. Her health gave way under grief and reproach, and she fell into an old-fashioned decline, lying patiently on her bed until death should come to loose her prison bars. Dr. Hayes visited her daily—not because his skill could avail anything, but because all others had forsaken her. His praise was always on her lips, yet I shrank from seeing him in her room, and carefully avoided the time of his visits. I was dropping strawberries into her mouth, one by one, as one feeds a baby, when I saw in her face that some one was standing in the door. I knew who it was without turning round.

"I must leave you now, and come again to-morrow," I said, hastily, and rushed out of the room with intent to escape Dr. Hayes if possible. He had stepped back a little, and now barred the narrow passage.

"I knew poor Theresa must have one friend, and yesterday I recognised that quaint little saucer of Japan china that used to stand on your table. Why have we never met here before?"

"She used to sew for us; mother always liked her," I answered, wholly at random.

The doctor's face suddenly darkened.

"I have tried to plead that poor woman's cause in a great many houses lately, and they were all so interested and full of charity till I told her name, and then they all put on their armour of self-righteousness and would have none of her. One would think 'all their brothers had all their sisters virtuous.'"

"Why did you not come to us?"

"I was afraid you would be cruel and hard like the rest, and call it virtue. I might have known I could trust you. Will you forgive me, Margaret?"

He put out his arms, and I made just the least step forward. If he kissed me many times in that little passage-way, dusky with cobwebs, no one knew it except the dying woman within the room, and she told the secret only to the angels, whom she joined that night.

This chance meeting made no difference in our relations to each other. The doctor had evidently yielded to a sudden temptation, and if he did not repent it, he at least set a double guard over himself for many weeks after.

It was not long after this that Charlie came home for his vacation (he was clerk in some wholesale house in the City). He walked into mother's room and threw down the gauntlet the very first day:—

"Where's Maggie?"

"In the garden with the baby;" which was true enough five minutes before. One may have too much of a baby, as well as of any other good thing, and, having deserted her, I was seated on the piazza basely listening to every word spoken within.

"I'm glad she's out of the way for once. I haven't had a crumb of comfort with her since that miserable engagement of mine and the letter I sent her."

"What do you mean by your miserable engagement?" said mother, with dignity.

"Oh, it was mere child's play. I was bewitched with her prettiness and her flirting ways, but the moment I was, and how little she cared for me; so it was very easy to get up a little quarrel and break the engagement. The fact is, I loved Mag all the time. Now, auntie, won't you tell me if she cares for me the least bit?"

"My dear boy," mother was beginning (all boys are dear to her), when I put my head in at the window:—

"And if I did care for you, what is to ensure me that you would not be bewitched by the prettiness of yet

another young woman, who might prefer to hold on to her fish after she had caught him?"

"Margaret, I'm ashamed of you!"

"Never mind," said Charlie. "She would never let me come near her, and now she knows it without my taking the trouble to tell her."

"Know what?—that you like me passing well until you are caught by some other fisher of men? You have Ferdinand's faculty of loving several women for several virtues."

Charlie was so vexed at this thrust that he departed without any leave-taking: he came back in the evening to be forgiven, but could not break through my bulwark of boys.

(To be concluded.)

"The Old Grumbler!"

(Being Occasional Letters to my Nephew, in Anticipation of his Marriage.)

XII.—OF "THE OLD SCHOOL."

MY DEAR REGINALD,—A great many years ago I was invited to a small party given in honour of a gentleman from another city, the father of the host; a gentleman who had been very distinguished as an orator and a scholar. His manner was very courtly; indeed, it was of a character that would seem now even pompous and extravagant. It carried an air of the Sir Roger de Coverley dance. I could have fancied him in his prime, stepping a stately minuet with a queen, or bending with elaborate courtesy over the finger-tips of some "high-born Helen," and murmuring the most prodigious compliments. Perhaps my fancy ran away with me, but as I watched him during the evening—and he fascinated my eyes so that they would not let him go—it seemed to me that he might have escaped from some old novel of fine society. Indeed, after supper, I was quite ready to believe that he was no other than Sir Charles Grandison himself. Upon the way home my mother impressed the illustrious example upon my mind. "Now, my dear, you have seen a perfect specimen of a gentleman of the old school." And since then, in my greater experience of life, when I have observed some man, young or old, who showed a peculiar respect and thoughtfulness for women, and who conversed with men quietly and without slang, I have constantly heard it remarked that there was something very quaint about him, and that he was really a gentleman of the old school.

It is a pleasant phrase, and I have never heard it applied derisively. But I confess, Reginald, that it makes me reflect, as I go about among you young people. The gentleman of the old school, I am told, was a very artificial kind of gentleman. But I confess his elaboration seems to me more agreeable than the manner or "the style" of the youth who suggests the English jockey rather than the English gentleman.

Look, for instance, at young Ripper. Charley Ripper is universally known. I have met him at all the winter balls for some time, and he is sure to be at Scarborough, Margate, and Brighton during the summer. He is a loud and easy young fellow, perpetually twenty-two. He talks to the young ladies his partners in the tone of Mose to his 'Lize. There is a sub-insolence, a gay familiarity, a swaggering impudence, which, if displayed in the drawing-room of Sir Charles Grandison toward the Misses Grandison, would cause that gentleman of the old school to ring the bell for the footman, and order him to take the loud young person into the kitchen, or to put him into the street. Charley Ripper delights in nothing more than in "chaffing" what he calls that old buffer Sir Charles. He imitates his lofty ways, to the immense amusement of all the girls; and when he has done he says to one of them, "Come here!" in a tone and with a manner which are not imitated from Sir Charles, but are wholly his own, and which make me inwardly rejoice that I have no daughters to be exposed to his manners. Charley Ripper is a great favourite, I am told. He is so good-natured. I can never get beyond that phrase, which, I suppose, is a kind of general letter of credit. Yet what is called his good-nature seems to me, who am probably the direst of old fogies, merely his impudence. I have always supposed that good manners were quiet and refined, however cheerful and witty a man might be. But I find in this leading gentleman of the drawing-room a fellow whose proper sphere seems to be romping with the maids at a country tavern, who would box his ears when he went too far. Charley makes infinite fun of the gentlemen of the old school; but as I have watched his imitation, how much superior it seemed to me to his own manner!

It was, perhaps, very artificial, that elaborate courtesy of the old school; and I should laugh as heartily as you, Reginald, if you should begin to bow and perorate as those worthies did, just as I should if you donned huge ruffles and a pigtail. But what did those manners represent? When the old gentleman, the famous orator of other days addressed my great-aunt with lofty grace, what did it all mean? It meant a real respect for women. The expression may have been too ornate—too rhetorical, as it were, and excessive; but the thing expressed was noble and elevating. And, Reginald, for my part, I prefer manners which imply respect to those which imply and express the very reverse. If we must have an extreme, I think there can be no doubt in which direction it should be. Better lay our costly cloak in the mud that the queen may pass than push her into the mire. It is very extravagant to spoil a cloak; but what is it to soil a soul?

It is a strong phrase, I know, my dear boy, and yet I cannot help feeling that something of the bloom, the maidenly purity of a girl's mind is brushed off by the mere touch of these familiar, swaggering, impudent manners, which the girls themselves tolerate. It is in human nature, you know, to dare and dare; and fortunately it is so, or we should not advance very rapidly. But the same fire that cooks the dinner, burns the house down. All the great elemental forces are excellent servants, but terrible masters. Our temperance friends sing the praise of water, but it is water in the tumbler with a

lump of ice, on these hot summer days, not water sweeping homes and harvests away. So the daring of youth is noble in boldly defying the evil genius wherever he appears; but it is very ignoble when it defies modesty and the sweet reserves of maidenhood.

It is a caustic satire upon us, my dear Reginald, that the expression of respectful courtesy to women should be described as quaint, and as revealing the gentleman of the old school. If I understand the significance of the word, it is as unmeaning to say gentleman of the old school as it would be to say honest man of the old school, or hero of the old school. Was Sidney a hero of the old school? Is there any "school" of heroism? Was it not the same blithe valour of Sidney that rode into the Valley of Death at Balacava, and attacked the Spaniards in the misty morning upon the Iseel 300 years ago? Is reverence for noble and beautiful character, a quick-springing impulse to defend the dependent, a deep and true homage to the nameless charm of women, an affair of "schools"? No, my dear Reginald, the gentleman of to-day is the gentleman of all days and of all schools. Pericles, as Lander describes him, and Washington, as tradition paints him, are not so remote and unnatural as Charley Ripper, who roars at their pigtails or their sandals, and calls them "high old Guys."—Your friend,

AN OLD BACHELOR.

Some Family Portraits.

II.—TOMMY.

I HAVE the honour to be an auntie. This fact implies another, and that other is something very decided and peculiar—to wit, my nephew Tommy.

Tommy is four years old, and is like a great many Charlies, Johnnies, and Georgies, I suppose, only those other boys don't live at our house; so Tommy is alone in his glory, and is remarkable in our eyes.

He is not only an inveterate little horse jockey, riding sticks, driving the furniture, and improvising lines out of his mamma's trains with which to rein her downstairs, but creeps out of his misdeeds by declaring that he is a pony, prancing off with great gusto.

A colt is the chief object of his ambition, and very energetically, one sunny day last winter, he trudged to every shop in the village, presenting a penny, and gravely demanding a "coltie" in return.

His friend Willie adopted another course. A large horse-chestnut grew in their front garden, and Willie conceived the idea that on some fine morning a small chestnut horse would issue therefrom. One Sunday he informed the family that he had prayed for it to come and he was sure it would, and, taking a halter from the barn, he waited patiently underneath the tree, momentarily expecting the colt to drop down.

Tommy does not even know his letters, but his grandfather had him on his knee the other day showing him "Aunt Louisa's Railroad Alphabet." "K stands for kiss," grandpapa pretended to read, "That Tommy is going to give grandpapa."

"I stands for the coltie," was the prompt response, "that grandpapa is going to give Tommy." Tommy has a variety of kisses, "horrid, ugly ones, black as the stove," with an emphatic expression of disgust on his fat face, and "sweet, pointed blue kisses," showing his white teeth by a most insinuating smile, and letting the sunlight drop into his blue eyes. There are kisses of all shapes, colours, and sizes to suit the favouritism or aversion of the moment.

The "boy is father to the man." Our Tommy has already an appreciation of pretty girls. Little Pinkie Thompson, a very diminutive, modest maiden of three summers, came over one afternoon and was duly introduced. Tommy installed her in one chair and himself in another, and regarded her for some time with intense satisfaction. Finally, however, his feelings outstripped the situation, and silently bundling his square body off the seat, he put his arms about her neck, and, giving her a hearty kiss, exclaimed fervently, "You dear, sweet little girl, you!"

He had for some time an imaginary friend whom he called "Tadda," and if anything went wrong it was always the unfortunate "Tadda" who was to blame. Once, before he was three, he stood by the window gazing intently out into the quiet street, and after a long time cried out, suddenly, "For once I like, there's Tadda." We sprang to the window, but the mythical creature was only thin air, and we could never catch him. He is upstairs and downstairs, and travels on railways, and is everywhere that we are not.

All his family used to come and take tea with Tommy, and for a while Tadda was a regular boarder, Mary being commanded to set a chair for him at the table, and we being requested to serve him first.

That was some months ago, in the days when Tommy used to talk to the pretty white chicken with her yellow boots, during that summer time, out on the farm; but now he has more substantial friends and the fancy is forgotten.

It reminds me, however, of another friend, who used to visit the same hostess, and who, hearing thunder for the first time in her young life, stepped to the door, and looking up delighted, cried, "I Cough again, rain."

But Tommy is sleepy. I must attend to his funny little devotions, which are diversified sometimes by very secular lines, and put him to bed.

Here, Tommy, come and send a kiss to thousands of boys and girls.

You may each claim a piece of it, a "great, big blue kiss," he says, "big as the moon."

AMUSING SEQUEL TO A DIVORCE CASE.—The Michigan papers tell an amusing story of a man who, having separated from his wife after several years of married life, advertised for another helpmate under an assumed name. His divorced wife replied to him, also under an assumed name. They met by appointment, and you can conceive their surprise on recognising one another. The matter, however, ended happily, and after exchanging explanations they resolved to forget the past and marry again.

Dear Hearth and Home.

SONG AND REFRAIN.

Written by GEO. COOPER.
Cantabile.

Composed by J. R. THOMAS.

1. Hearth and home, de-light-ful dream; Oh, the joys you now re-call! Hope and love a-round you
 2. Years may die, and flow'rs may fade, Time shall leave you still the May; Back to you our hearts have

beam, Sweet-ly sad your ech-oes fall. Gen-tle words and lov-ing smiles, Live a-gain in hal-low'd light; Childhood's pure and sim-ple
 stray'd—Back to you from day to day. Life but binds you clos-er far; Oh, when here no more we roam, May the path o'er-moon and

wiles, Keep you still in mem-ry bright! Hearth and home! the ten-der sigh, Falls for you while footsteps roam! Vi-sions wake that nev-er
 star, Find you still, dear hearth and home! Hearth and home! &c.

die, Born of you, dear hearth and home! Hearth and home!..... Hearth and home!..... Dear hearth and home!
 Dear hearth and home! Dear hearth and home! Dear hearth and home!
 Dear hearth and home! Dear hearth and home! Dear hearth and home!

colla voce.

Theatres and Amusements.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.—This (Saturday) Evening, L'Étoile du Nord. Eight. 14. A.M.

DRURY-LANE.—This (Saturday) Evening, L'Olandese Dannato (Der Fliegende Holländer). Monday, Otello. Tuesday, L'Olandese Dannato (Der Fliegende Holländer). Half-past Eight.

HAYMARKET.—The Christiana—Helen Duns—Baron Selicity. Seven.

ADDELPHI.—Put Yourself in (At a Quarter to Ten) The Robust Invalid. Seven.

PRINCESS.—French Hays. Eight.

GAITEY.—Rose of Auvergne—(At a Quarter to Eight) Courier of Lyons—(At Ten) Lands of Chamois. Seven.

NEW QUEEN'S.—My Wife's Dentist—(At a Quarter-past Eight) Twist Axe and Crown. Seven.

OLYMPIC.—Little Em'ly—Undine—Old Gooseberry. Seven.

ST. JAMES'S.—An Unhappy Pair—(At a Quarter-past Eight) Paul Pry—The Bonnie Fishwife. Half-past Seven.

STRAED.—The School for Scandal—The Field of the Cloth of Gold. Half-past Seven.

PRINCE OF WALES'S.—Dearest Mamma—(At Eight) M.P.—Quite by Accident. Half-past Seven.

VAUDVILLE.—Cupid and Love—(At Eight) Two Roses—(At a Quarter to Ten) Don Carlos. Half-past Seven.

NEW NATIONAL STANDARD.—She Stoops to Conquer—La Belle Sauvage. Half-past Seven.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open at Ten.

ST. JAMES'S HALL, PICCADILLY.—Christy Minstrels. Every evening at Eight. Wednesday and Saturdays, Three and Eight.

EGYPTIAN HALL, PICCADILLY.—Mr. W. S. Woodin at Home. Every Evening (except Saturdays) at Eight. Saturday Mornings at Three.

POLYTECHNIC.—Miscellaneous Entertainments. Open from Twelve till Five, and from Seven till Ten.

MADAME TISSANDER'S.—Waxwork Exhibition. Eleven till Ten.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.

JULY 24. SUNDAY.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

" 25. Monday.—Sun rises 4. 14. A.M.

" 26. Tuesday.—Duration of twilight 2h. 20m.

" 27. Wednesday.—Clock before sun 6m. 14sec.

" 28. Thursday.—New moon 11.18 A.M.

" 29. Friday.—Daybreak 1.20 A.M.

" 30. Saturday.—Sun sets 7.49 P.M.

Our Letter Basket.

THE LADY'S OWN PAPER is published by E. Marlborough and Co. 4, Ave Marie-lane, E.C. It may also be obtained at the Railway Stations, and of the Newsgate in the Strand, and the United Kingdom. In all cases of single copies, post free, for 4d.; three copies for 11d.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[The Post-office authorities have announced their intention to reduce in the autumn the postage of Papers to 4d., the Proprietor of THE LADY'S OWN PAPER is determined at once to give the Subscribers the benefit of the reduction.]

One Year (post free) 15s. 6d.
Half a Year " 7s. 8d.
Quarter of a Year " 3s. 10d.

Advertisements, and communications intended for the Editor, should be sent to the General Office, 97, Fleet-street, E.C.

AGENT FOR FRENCH AND CONTINENTAL ADVERTISEMENTS,
Mr. Kinnear, 95, Rue de Lafayette, Paris.

PAPER PATTERNS AND DRESS MODELS.

To meet the wishes of numerous subscribers who make up their own materials, we have made arrangements by which we are now enabled to supply life-size paper models, fully trimmed, of any of the Fashion Illustrations that appear in this paper, as well as of the following articles. Patterns must be applied for by letter only, enclosing stamps. The prices include postage. The following are the measurements that should be given with the order—

INCHES	Length of shoulder	INCHES
Waist		Under arm
Chest		Length of arm
Length of front		Length of skirt in front
Back		
Length of back		
MANTEL		
Mantles, Walking and Yacht-jackets, Casques, Mantillas, Pajamas, ordinary		Bodice à la Russe
and trimmings		Corsets for wearing over
With Elaborate Trimmings, or of special make		white muslin Bodices
INDOOR JACKETS, LINENES, PICHUS, AND VESTES.		Full Bodices for muslin
Vest, Russe, for wearing under Zouave Jacket		Low Bodice for evening wear, including Berthe and Sleeve
Square Peterline		UNDER-LINEN
Lace Peterline		Nightgown, with or without
Fichu Marie Antoinette, with sash ends		Petticoat Band
Ditto, ditto, outdoor wear		Petticoat Body, high or low
Fichu with waistband		Chemise
Lorley Capeline		Nightdress
The new Sash with Waistband		Drawers
Zouave Jacket		Scarlet Flannel
Chemise Russe		Set of Under-Linen, including the following named articles
Short Jockey Jacket, for shoe house		6 articles
Fichu Jacket		Prill-gored Petticoat
Fichu Tunic		Bathing Dress complete, including Trousers, Tunic, and Cap
Tunics for evening wear		CHILDREN'S DRESSES.
Bachlik Hood		Little Girl's Gored Dress, high or low
DRESSES		Ditto Chemise Russe
Princess Morning or Breakfast Dress		Ditto Basier Tunic
Engleise Breakfast Dress		Ditto Paletots or Jackets
Ditto, ditto, elaborately and fashionably trimmed		Ditto Marie Antoinette Fichu
Short Walking Costume, complete, including Skirt, der-skirt, Bodice, and Fichu		Ditto Walking Costume, complete
Indoor Dress		Ditto French Pelisse
Ditto, ditto, elaborately trimmed		Ditto Gipsy Cloak
Bal Dress		Children's Dresses, including Cape, Body, and Skirt
More elaborate		Boy's Knickerbocker Suit
Dinner Dress		land Dress
Dressing Gown		Tunics, high or low
SKIRTS		Little Boy's Trowsers
Train Gored Skirt		Ditto Pea Jacket or Overcoat
Gored Skirt, trimmed		CHILDREN'S UNDERCLOTHING.
The new Panier Skirt		Children's Nightgowns, Chemises, Drawers, Knickerbockers
Short Skirt and Petticoat		each 1
BODICES AND SLEEVES		Pinadores
Fashionably cut & trimmed, Open or Closed Sleeve		Aprons
Plain High Bodice		INFANTS' CLOTHING.
Ditto, trimmed		A complete set of Things for a Baby's Layette, including eight articles
Ditto, ditto, and with Sleeve		The same, with Cloak
Bodice, with Revers		Baby's Cloak, separately

The London season, brilliant as it has been, now showing signs of rapidly drawing to a close, we have now commencing a short series of articles on the principal bathing-places and sea-side resorts, in reply to the question that ladies are now beginning to ask on all sides—Where shall we spend the holidays?

MRS. P.—Yes, all the back numbers for this year are in print and may be obtained through your bookseller, or from our office. 2. Thank, but we have scarcely room for it at present. 3. In the autumn: more seasonable matters now demand our attention. 4. A fully descriptive article on the different kinds of carpets now manufactured, with their various peculiarities and advantages appeared in our column some time ago: our publisher will supply you with the number for four stamps.

MADELINE.—We believe Messrs. Routledge have published a cheap edition of Hannah More's works. Miss Robertson's story has not yet, we think, been issued in a cheap form, but you would probably be able to obtain a second-hand copy by consulting Mudie's or Smith's monthly list of surplus works.

F. H. P. (Working).—1. We are not at liberty to disclose the name of the writer, but he is considered an authority on such subjects. 2. Porter, if taken in any considerable quantity, would certainly not be likely to improve the complexion; but its effects are more noticeable on some constitutions than others. 3. Wednesday is too late to post a letter to us, requiring answer in the following Saturday's paper. We go to press on Wednesday night. 4. Freckles are mostly caused by exposure to the sun. Veiled and shaded, as you suggest, you would not be likely to suffer from them. 5. There are many better remedies: Read our papers on the toilet that have appeared from time to time. There, now we think we have answered all your questions, and we can assure you that you have not "asked too many."

COUNTRY LASS (Southampton).—The most fashionable London dinner parties take place Wednesdays and Saturdays, the main reason, doubtless, being that on those nights the House does not sit.

PUZZLED.—The plan recommended by the *Lancet* seems a very good one for removing a tight ring from a finger. Fasten the end of a portion of rather fine twine underneath the ring, and evenly encircle the finger from below upwards (as whippersmiths bind lashes on) with the remainder as far as the centre of the finger; then unwind the string from above downwards by taking hold of the end passed under the ring, and it will be found the ring will gradually pass along the twine towards the tip of the finger.

OUR EXCHANGE.—We have forwarded letters to "Dreamland" and "Oriental."



SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1870.

AFTER dangerously ominous mutterings for the last two or three years—indeed, since the war of 1866—the storm has broken, the war fiends are loosed, and ere this reaches the hands of our readers it is probable that mangled bodies and desolated hearths have paid the penalty of the first terrible clash of arms. War between France and Prussia alone is a fearful thing to contemplate, though the awful reality will probably exceed the worst that at this distance from the scene of strife we are likely to imagine. The Chassepot and the needle-gun will do their deadly work with horrible rapidity, and the game of contending Emperors will be literally one of scientific murder. But then there arises that other question in reference to the struggle, a question of serious import to England as well as several other countries—Where will it stop? That there is before us the possibility of events which may render it impossible for England to preserve that neutral position which she so earnestly desires to maintain in simplicity and purity, cannot be denied. It would be futile and mischievous to attempt to conceal from ourselves that if, for instance, the neutrality of Belgium were to be deliberately forced by either of the belligerent Powers, England would be called upon by every consideration of right and policy to protect her from occupation and spoliation. Such an eventuality ought no doubt to be impossible, but it is not. Our Government, however, are taking all precautions to preserve our neutrality. On Tuesday night a Royal proclamation appeared in the official *Gazette*, and was copied into the Wednesday's daily papers, explaining the position it is our intention to hold, and warning shippers and others of the penalties they will incur by disregarding the law on the subject. This is not the place for us to estimate the strength and chances of success of the two powerful contending nations, but it is probable that, so far as preparedness goes, the advantage lies at present slightly with France, where the enthusiasm is very great. On the other hand, the Prussians are a nation of soldiers, and, as they are the attacked, they have the additional impetus of fighting for home and fatherland. We purpose giving, in future numbers, portraits of all the principal actors in the war, including, of course, the Prussian Court.

Those unnatural exhibitions, baby-shows, degrading alike in their conception and results, are once more, it would seem, in the ascendant. We had a taste last year of the level they might descend to in the brutalising display made at the North Woolwich Gardens; yet, unhappily, the speculation seems to have been so satisfactory in a pecuniary point of view, that the proprietor of that rather questionable public resort has made a second attempt. The exhibition was advertised to take place this week on a large scale; and it was possibly the anticipated success that induced rivalry in other quarters, for within the last eight or ten days there has been not only a baby-show conducted in the most revolting manner by half-intoxicated Cheap Jacks in the country, but a pretentious

one at Highbury Barn. In the latter case, the infants, to each of whom a mother was attached, were arranged in avenues, and in front of the lane was a bar, to which was affixed a distinguishing number. At the first blush, one would infer that the figures might have been put on for purposes of identification in case of accidents, for decidedly the performers in the spectacle bore so wonderful a resemblance to each other, that in case of a panic it might be difficult for their respective owners to distinguish them; on closer scrutiny this notion was dissipated. The bill of the play contained the names of the several actors, in fact the babies were neatly catalogued in the style of objects of art. They were remarkably quiet, under the circumstances, especially, perhaps, when we consider that the exhibition was not only crowded, but assumed an international character, babies of colour not being excluded. There was one amazingly woolly little nigger with the duskiest of limbs, and eyes burning with an almost tropical fire. We believe this African was a native of St. Pancras. The mothers appeared to enjoy the whole affair without the least apparent recognition of a disagreeable feature in it. They were the wives of artisans, and we understand that they came from as far off as Deptford and Greenwich to assist at the singular *fête*. As a rule they were plain-featured but kindly seeming women, with the marks of a sad ignorance and lack of refinement of thought on their faces. To say that they appeared fond of the children and thoroughly careful of them would not be to pay them a compliment, considering the nature of the festival. The affair was altogether as agreeably managed as a disagreeable spectacle could be. It deserves notice that the list contained none of those fine names for which the wives of labouring men are supposed to have a special predilection. Out of eighty-one babies, only twenty-three were girls, and three of them bore the name of Florence. It is rather remarkable that there was no Victoria or Alexandra among the lot. Louisa occurred three times, and Minnie twice. Emily occurred only once. Martha Jane, Martha Eliza, Sarah Jane, Rosa Jane, and Sarah Ann, each occurred once only. The most out-of-the-way name among the girls was Celia. To look at the matter seriously, however, it is not a satisfactory state of things when mothers of any class can be found who are willing to sit for hours behind a barrier, drinking beer out of cans roughly handed round, and to be subjected to the impudent stare or coarse remarks of every cad who is willing to pay his shilling for the sake of gratifying his vicious taste and displaying his vulgarity.

Justice has summarily overtaken one of the most heartless criminals of our time. We refer to Walter Millar, whose trial for the horrible Chelsea murders has just ended in his conviction and sentence. Neither the judge nor the jury seem to have entertained any doubt of his guilt, and two of the most daring and cold-blooded murders of recent years have thus been brought home to the perpetrator. The victims, it will be remembered, were the Rev. Elias Huclin and his housekeeper, Ann Boss, who both lived at 15, Paulton-square, Chelsea. Mr. Huclin was a native of Jersey, and had nephews and nieces living there. He was eighty-four years old, but still retained active habits of business. He held a good deal of house property in the neighbourhood, and also possessed a farm in Lincolnshire, at which his nephew resided. It was his custom to go down to this farm every summer, and his annual visit was expected about the 9th of last May. Accordingly, when he was missed in London after the morning of that day, no definite suspicion of foul play was at first aroused. His murder had, in fact, been not unskillfully concealed, and it was the accidental discovery of a second murder—that of the housekeeper—which led to the discovery of the first. Mr. Huclin had a house unoccupied at 24, Wellington square, and had employed Millar to do some necessary repairs. Millar had been working in the house on the Friday and Saturday preceding the murder. On the Monday morning, about eleven, Mr. Huclin was seen to go to this house. He was never afterwards seen alive. At half-past twelve on the same day Millar engaged a labourer, named Payne, to go to the house in order to alter a drain. By Millar's directions Payne dug a trench in a very unusual manner, so as to undermine the paving of a closet. Millar watched him the whole time, and when the work was done persuaded him to leave behind him his shovel and pick. A few days afterwards the body of Mr. Huclin was found buried in this trench. No money was found upon the body, but when the prisoner was taken into custody he was found to have some gold in his possession and several articles which had belonged to the deceased. It was the second murder, however, that caused the discovery. On the Wednesday evening a carman named Piper was asked by a man affecting a French accent to remove some luggage for him from 15, Paulton-square. He went, and was asked in the first place to cord a box. In doing so he found his hands stained with blood. He at once challenged the prisoner for an explanation, followed him into the street, and refused to lose sight of him until he was safe in the hands of the police. The box when opened

was found to contain the body of Ann Boss. She had been strangled, and, contrary to the prisoner's natural expectation, blood had flowed after her death from her mouth and nose.

The war is already calling forth much of that noble self-sacrificing spirit on the part of ladies, nurtured in affluence, that has made the name of Florence Nightingale a household word. By the time these lines are in print it is probable that a party of ladies will have left London to care for the dying and the wounded, irrespective of the nationality of the sufferers, and guided only by the heaven-imprinted desire, always present in true-hearted women, to alleviate suffering, and pour the oil and wine of gentle, tender sympathy into the crushed spirit and the wounded heart. The ladies of France and Prussia, too, are bestirring themselves, and in an appeal that was issued in Paris on Monday morning, the fair denizens of that city are reminded that "Miss Florence Nightingale" set, sixteen years ago, a glorious initiative to the English ladies by the devoted care she bestowed on the sick and wounded before Sebastopol, and in the hospitals at Scutari; that, incited by her example, the Grand Duchess Helena Paulovna and three hundred Russian ladies hastened to imitate her benevolent deeds; that during the American Civil War the good work was continued by the ladies of the Sanitary Commission; and that, during the Schleswig Holstein campaign of 1864, volunteer ambulances were established, and the care of the sick undertaken by ladies both on the Danish and the Prussian side. In Denmark particularly, as a Paris correspondent in remarking on this appeal points out—the war provoked an astonishing manifestation of charitable feeling; and, although the reluctance of the military and medical authorities to women's work in war was with difficulty overcome, a service of Danish and Swedish deaconesses was established in the hospitals of Augustenburg and Fredericksburg, and with the best results. Nor should the efforts of the noble ladies of Brescia, in the Hospital of St. Clemente, during the war of 1866, be forgotten. They were directed by one lady of the highest rank in the town, who bore on her bosom a little label, on which were embroidered, in red letters on a white ground, a cross and the inscription "Sono madre"—"I am a mother"—and who lavished equal care and tenderness on the Italian and the Austrian wounded. At the same period of time, but without any "scarlet letter" of philanthropy on her breast, the admirable Mrs. Chambers was fighting her good fight with Garibaldi's force—a force destitute of field-hospitals, of ambulances, of medical comforts, and almost of a medical staff. She was spending her days and nights in pestiferous hovels at Rocca d'Anfo, and Storn, and Tirano, absolutely stripping the garments off her own body to bind up the wounds of wretched, maimed, and bleeding creatures, for whom no provision of lint or bandages had been made. The infection of benevolence which began in 1854 has spread, and there is now a very powerful movement in Paris tending to the organisation of something akin to a sanitary commission for the succour of the sick and wounded during the campaign of 1870. It will be based on the already established "Association Internationale de Secours pour les Blessés Militaires," of which Baron Alphonse de Rothschild is honorary secretary, and which is in permanent session at the Palais de l'Industrie, where subscriptions in money and in kind are received. The Association, in issuing its appeal to the ladies of France, soliciting their personal co-operation in the enterprise, points out that "the presence of women displaying on the field of battle their tender charity by the side of the heroism of the soldiers must purify war by mitigating some of its most appalling horrors," and we have confidence that the appeal will not have been issued in vain.

New Books.

A Lonely Life. By the Author of "Wise as a Serpent," &c. With Eight Illustrations. (Houlston and Sons.) This story is reprinted from the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine*, in which it recently appeared, and it is certainly worthy of reaching the public in its present form. The author has managed to hit upon quite an original plot, even in these days when literary ingenuity would almost seem to have expended itself in ransacking the earth for novelty, and the filling in is managed with no inconsiderable skill. The leading characters are all remarkably well-drawn, too, the hero of the "lonely life," Harold Seton, being a rare and ennobling portrait, and the interest of the story, which is thoroughly healthful, is not only very genuine from the first, but is sustained with unabated vigour to the end.

Field Flowers. By SHIRLEY HIBBERD. With Coloured and other Illustrations. (Groombridge.)

THIS is a seasonable little book, by an author who not only understands his subject, but has the knack of explaining himself in a very pleasant way. It is described on the title-page as a "handy book for the rambling botanist, suggesting what to look for and where to go in the outdoor study of British plants," and this gives a sufficiently accurate notion of its contents to guide in-

tending purchasers. The illustrations, we should add, however, are excellent.

Seaside Walks of a Naturalist with his Children. By the Rev. W. HOUGHTON, M.A., &c. Illustrated. (Groombridge.)

SOME time ago we had occasion to speak favourably of a juvenile work by Mr. Houghton, entitled, "Country Walks of a Naturalist with his Children." The present work has been prepared as a companion volume, and whether we regard the author's manner of treatment, the many excellent engravings and coloured plates, or the general scope and appearance of the book, it is worthy of all praise.

Bright Thoughts for the Little Ones; With Prose and Verse by GRANDMAMMA. Illustrated by JOHN PROCTOR. (Cassell.)

THE engravings are the most noticeable feature of this pleasant book for the little ones. "Grandmamma" apparently followed the artist rather than the artist "Grandmamma," but both have performed their task creditably, as the samples of their work we have reproduced on page 56 will show. It is this rising designer who, if we mistake not, has since made for himself a name by his clever drawings for the comic journals.

Amongst miscellaneous publications on our table we may mention a pamphlet issued by the Lord's Day Rest Association pointing out the hardships of provincial letter carriers; a treatise on "Muslin Embroidery," published by Trübner; "The Little Preacher," by the Author of "The Flower of the Family," one of Sampson Low's cheap editions of popular books; "A Flutter in the Cage, or the Unappreciated Rector" (Burns); "A Handy Book of English Spelling," by L. S. H. B. (Lockwood); "Heirs of the Soil," an Irish story, by Mrs. L. N. Nunn (Moffatt); "A Devout Soldier," a memorial of James Field, formerly of the Royal Artillery, and for nearly half a century an official member of the Cork Wesleyan Methodist Society (Moffatt); and "Home-made Wines; How to Make and Keep Them," by G. Vine (Groombridge).

SERIALS OF THE MONTH.

Tinsley's Magazine (18, Catherine-street), though as usual, a tolerably strong part, contains little besides its novels of particular interest to ladies, and that need, therefore, be noticed here. The papers on "Sentiment," and "Laughter and Sociability," with the "Story of a Big Diamond," are perhaps the most distinctive. The illustration to the principal novel is capital; it is rare, indeed, that a magazine drawing exhibits so much character. This number of *Tinsley* completes the sixth volume.

Cassell's Magazine (Cassell) gives us—amongst one or two illustrations that could scarcely be surpassed for ugliness, and induce also a suspicion of their having done duty elsewhere—several really charming sketches. "Elinor" is exceedingly well done; so too is "Dot," and the sketchy engravings that accompany "Man and Wife" are very effective; but the editor must surely have been napping when "Sappho" found a place. As regards the literature, the contents are fairly varied, but present nothing calling for special mention. The *Quiver* for July (Cassell) is a quiet but respectable number. *Cassell's Household Guide*, Part 9; *Book of Birds*, Part 8; and *Popular Educator*, Part 32, it will be sufficient to mention.

The *Leisure Hour* (Tract Society) supplies readable papers on "Tea and the Tea Trade," "Curiosities of Street Names," "Dipsomania," and "The Natural History of Dress." The *Sunday at Home* has some passable illustrations, but is otherwise somewhat heavy.

The *St. James's* (40, Essex-street) assumes a new coloured cover, and the change is anything but an advantage. It also reduces its illustrations to two, both by some new process and remarkable for little but their weakness. Of its articles those entitled "Dead-and-Alive Ships," and "A Woman's View of Authors and Matrimony," will be read with most interest by ladies.

The *Belgravia* (Warwick House) has a stronger flavour of sensationalism this month than ever, alike as regards pictures and literature—a retrograde step, we are inclined to think, on the part of its painstaking conductors; but whatever else its faults, it will certainly not be pronounced dull.

We have also received the *Victoria* (Princes-street, W.); the *Churchman's Shilling Magazine* (Houlston); Nos. 1 to 3 of *Country Words*, a magazine of the West Riding; the *Florist and Pongolotist* (171, Fleet-street); *Good Words* (Strahan and Co.); the *Englishwoman's Review* (23, Great Marlborough-street); the *Life-boat*, or Journal of the National Life-boat Institution; Part 1 of Cassell's library edition of *Don Quixote*, to be completed in thirty monthly parts; *Avant Judy* (Bell and Daldy); the *Floral World*, containing a short paper on the Flowers of the Alps, by Mrs. T. W. Webb, with a coloured illustration of a group of Alpine flowers (Groombridge and Sons); also from the same publishers the quarterly part of the *Student*; the *Food Journal* (3, Castle-street); *Golden Hours and Sunshine* (Macintosh); and from James Clark and Co. the *Christian World Magazine*, *Happy Hours*, and the *Literary World*.

MUSICAL, LITERARY, & ART JOTTINGS.

LORD LYTON is writing a new novel for *Blackwood's Magazine*, for which it is said he will receive 3,000*l.*

Miss Charlotte Cushman, an American tragedienne, is lying dangerously ill in London, with cancer.

Mr. Hurst, senior partner in the well-known firm of Hurst and Blackett, publishers, has just died.

Mme. Parepa-Rosa and Mr. Carl Rosa have arrived in London. Mme. Rosa will not sing for the present.

Mr. Blanchard Jerrold's great work on London, illustrated by Gustave Doré, will be published during the next few weeks. Another pupil of Madame Viardot, a Mlle. Anna Bosso, has made a successful debut at the Baden-Baden concerts.

Mlle. Nilsson has accepted an engagement for a six months' tour in the New World, commencing in October. It is reported that upon the signing of the agreement her enterprising presented her with a cheque for 5,000*l.* The terms

for which she has signed are, dit-on, 25,000*l.* altogether for the six months.

Mdme. Ristori and her husband, the Marquis du Grillo, have just left their hotel on the Boulevard Malesherbes for Leghorn, to enjoy the benefit of sea bathing.

Miss Evans, the author of "Adam Bede," is engaged upon another novel, and a second poem of similar length to the one she recently contributed to *Macmillan*.

Mr. Mill is at work on a new edition of his "Logic," and Miss Helen Taylor is said to be editing the posthumous works of Buckle.

An excellent Italian version of Charles Dickens's "The Cricket on the Hearth" has been written by Signora Grazia Mancini Pierantoni.

Mr. H. J. Byron contradicts the rumour that he is about to go to America. Mr. T. W. Robertson has returned from the Isle of Wight, much benefited by rest and change of scene.

Another work on women, by an Italian lady, is announced—"Lo Sviluppo Fisico e Morale della Donna,"—a volume of sketches published at Turin by the Signora Giuseppina Ferraris Miroglio di Moncestino.

The regular season closed at the St. James's Theatre on Saturday evening, when the performances consisted of *A Happy Pair*, *Paul Fry*, and the school scene from *La Belle Saison*. At the conclusion of the comedy Mrs. Fehn Wood came forward and experienced a most enthusiastic reception.

Another of the "old school" of actors has made his exit from the stage of life. Mr. John Cooper, so many years a member of the Drury-lane company, under various managements, extending from Eliston to Bunn, died on Wednesday last week at Taubridge Wells, at the age of seventy-seven.

The May number of the *Bollettino della Società Geografica Italiana* contains an interesting collection of letters written in French by the unfortunate traveller, Miss Alexina Tinné to Ali Riza, the Pasha of Tripoli. These letters were written only a very short time before her shocking murder.

Mr. Andrew Halliday is engaged in adapting "Walter Scott's great novel 'Kenilworth' for the reopening of Drury-lane Theatre, which will take place about the 10th of September. Miss Neilson is, we are told, engaged for Amy Robsart, and Mr. T. C. King for Varney.

We learn that Miss Annie Adams, the music-hall singer, has accepted a good round sum as compensation from a certain railway company, against whom she had brought an action for damages alleged to have been suffered by her last autumn, when travelling on their line. The affair was settled out of court.

M. de Lamartine's furniture at his Villa Monceau, which has just been brought to the hammer, produced fancy prices. Poor people paid five and ten times their value for old chairs and tables, in order to possess a *souvenir* of their illustrious neighbour and kind friend. A small vine-grove gave 10*l.* for a table on which Lamartine was wont to write, and the intrinsic value of which was not ten shillings.

Mrs. W. H. Coates, a lady well known in the provinces, performed in the last piece in Mr. Stoddard's Theatre in Lancaster on Saturday night, July 2, went to rest with her husband, and was found dead by his side when he awoke in the morning. Mrs. Coates was sixty-five years of age, and leaves, besides Mr. Coates, a son and daughter to deplore her loss.

Miss Rose Hersee has arrived in London after an absence of ten months. During that period it is stated she has travelled over 15,000 miles, and has sung one hundred and forty-eight times in opera, besides occasional concerts, and the recent Beethoven Festival in New York. Miss Hersee announces that she will decline all concert engagements during her stay in England. At the beginning of September she will return to America.

The *Illustrated Midland News* proposes to collect a gallery of portraits of provincial journalists. It will be a curiosity in its way. A few years ago Mr. Mayall, the photographer of Regent-street, collected the portraits of many of the London journalists. The *Times* has two or three albums representing its own article writers, special, and "our own correspondents," Parliamentary and law reporters, and district correspondents, and very interesting albums they are. Our own columns have supplied perhaps the best collection of portraits of living authors and authoresses.

The value of a voice, one of the most difficult questions which can be placed before a British jury, has just been assessed in the Court of Common Pleas before Mr. Justice Brett, in the case of Mrs. Morton, a niece of the celebrated Henry Russell. This lady was injured on the London and North-Western Railway in April last, by the running of a carriage off the line, and has since been unable to pursue her profession, in consequence of which she brought the present action. The jury awarded her 570*l.* damages, to enable her to take the rest needful for the recovery of her voice.

Miss Kate Gordon, the pianist, had the misfortune on Wednesday last week, to break the little finger of her right hand—no small discomfort to a pianist. The accident was rendered worse by her having to play at her own concert in the evening. With more pluck than discretion she actually got through some of her solos, amid intense agony, as may be conceived, until pain compelled her to desist and necessitated the apology which she was so conscientiously anxious to avoid. The doctors now insist on complete rest so far as performance is concerned.

Another fall from the high rope is reported from Stonebridge during a *fête*. Part of the entertainment was to be a performance by a Maltese Caroline, on a rope suspended over a sheet of ornamental water. She went through some of her performances in safety; but when she abandoned the balancing-pole, and took up some little flags, she became evidently in a precarious state and scarcely able to maintain her footing. She attempted to gain one of the supports of the rope, but failed to reach it, and plunged into the water and mud. Luckily for her the mud was pretty thick and spared her a broken limb.

With respect to Mr. Dickens's family it may be news to many who have not seen the ten children (eight of whom are living), namely, two daughters and eight sons. Of the sons one is in the Royal Navy, and now stationed at Valparaiso, one in India, and two sheep-farming in Australia, near Melbourne. The youngest of the sons is at college, and the eldest is now conductor of *All the Year Round*. Of the daughters one is married to Charles Collins, brother of Wilkie Collins. She is the heroine of Millais's famous painting of the "Black Brewnicker." The unmarried daughter, like Mr. Thackeray, is a novelist of more than average talent, her best known works being *Aunt Margaret's Trouble*, *Mabel's Progress*, and *Veronica*. The best and largest photographs of Dickens were taken in America, and a large supply of them is daily expected in England. The engraved portraits published in our columns in 1868 was, however, exceedingly life-like.

London and Paris Fashions.

COUNTRY AND WALKING TOILETS.

(See Illustration.)

1. Costume for the country or seaside in Havannah mohair and drab foulard. The mohair skirt is trimmed at the bottom with a flounce cut in square tabs to imitate a Greek design, and put on with a fluted heading. Maroon bodice, open on chile, and coat sleeves. Casaque of drab foulard with sleeves. The long basques are cut in large and small tabs, and are fitted to the waist by a maroon band. Hat of maroon straw with a rose at the side.

2. Walking toilet. Dress of pearl-grey sultana, with deep flounce at the bottom, ornamented at equal distances by satin bows of the same shade. Tight-fitting casaque, forming the second skirt. Waistband of satin, fastened at the side with a bow. Bodice open in front, with revers. Plain sleeves, very large at the bottom. Bonnet of English straw, turned up in front and behind; it is trimmed with a bunch of field-flowers and a scarf of pearl-grey crêpe de chine.

PARIS FASHION GOSSIP.

By Madame ELIANE DE MARSY.

The Empress, in spite of her forty-three years of age, is still, in all respects, the most brilliant star at the Tuileries fêtes; nothing is yet too young for her, and her fair hair, white shoulders, and beautiful figure will probably preserve for her a few years longer that sceptre of the queen of beauty which cannot be disputed her. She therefore remains the oracle and model in matters of dress. This season she affects two colours: yellow or light cerise, and rose, from the palest rose aurore, which contains a little yellow, to rose-coral, which also has a slightly yellow tinge. It will be remembered that at the reception of the *plebiscite* she wore a dress of light faïence, and a bonnet with maroon feathers. This dress was considered somewhat too plain for a solemnity of such importance. A few days after, she appeared at the Opera in a splendid toilette: dress of white Oriental stuff, embroidered with gold; tunic and bertha edged with gold fringe; antique corsage and full sleeves, disclosing the whole arm, with gold fringe and embroidery. Her head was crowned with a diadem, or, rather, antique bandeau, composed of emeralds and diamonds, and set flat on the hair.

We will remark, with respect to coiffures, that there has been a tendency for the last few days to return to waterfalls, and to abandon the chateleine braids, but with this modification, that the waterfalls, instead of being smooth, are very wavy. Albert has dressed the Empress's hair in this fashion, and it is probable that the whole court will follow. It is preferable, moreover, to the thick braids for summer on account of being lighter. This is absolutely new, and these crimped chignons cannot as yet be procured from anyone but Albert. He has also made a pattern hat, designed for the special purpose of being worn with this chignon. This is a little straw hat, with a sort of projecting visor in front, slightly turned up. Around the crown is twisted a roll of China crape and gros grain, finished with a tuft of short, closely-curved feathers. I have seen this coquettish hat made for the street in maroon and blue, and for evening in sky-blue and pink, and also in sulphur and black. China crape is the rage; it is used for everything, and remains stylish on account of its high price.

At her last Monday reception the Empress wore a dress of pale blue China crape, trimmed with a great number of narrow flounces, alternately of China crape and Valenciennes. The train was trimmed in the same manner, only with much wider lace. A light wreath of hawthorn was the sole ornament for her hair. On her neck she wore a collier de chien of black velvet studded with diamonds. It may have been observed that the Empress is rarely seen without this black velvet collar, which, moreover, suits her perfectly. Subsequently she wore a straw-coloured dress, trimmed with ruches and white lace, and a tunic of tarlatan, or rather, vaporous white gauze, trimmed with white lace. At the same ball a very beautiful American lady, Madame Erde, wore a light straw-coloured dress, with white lace, somewhat similar to that of the Empress.

A large number of ladies present had trains looped on one side, a device of the celebrated dress-maker, Madame Roger, styled the reactionary train, doubtless because Madame Roger's patrons are chiefly from the Faubourg Saint Germain. Trains looped in this fashion are certainly much more convenient for dancing, especially in the hot weather.

This poor Faubourg St. Germain, so pious and so formal, has been greatly afflicted of late by the marriage of one of its most charming young girls to the son of a Dutch banker, with many millions, and a corresponding lack of amoral bearings. The young lady is Mlle. De Tartas, and the young man, M. Jean Hope. What tells most of all against the match is that the bridegroom's mother, who has borne the name of Countess Rapp since her separation from M. Hope, has been at law with her husband for the last fourteen years, and is so fond of litigation that she is always engaged in at least a dozen suits with her tradesmen. This strange taste in so rich a woman did not frighten the young lady's family, and the marriage was celebrated with great splendour. The bride is extremely pretty, and the bridegroom very young—twenty-two. He is said to have powerful backers in the American colony, which appears to us to be a mistake. It is rather in the Spanish colony that he has his strongest party. This marriage brings us back to the question of bridal travelling dresses, for the wedding journey has become an important affair, now that the bridal pair no longer steal away incognito, but, on the contrary, gather around them for their departure, the two families and their most intimate friends.

Bridal travelling costumes should not be of silk, or, at

least, not of lustrous silk, but of poplin, crêpon de l'Inde, Mexican cloth, or any other fabric of mixed silk and wool. If the temperature permits, however, a black or maroon velvet skirt may be worn, velvet being welcome everywhere this season. The combination of maroon and white is in great favour just now, and white serge tunics embroidered with wreaths of shaded maroon leaves, are chosen for bridal travelling costumes. The maroon skirt is bound or slightly embroidered with white. The costume is composed of four articles: a round skirt (never plain), tunic, waist, and short jacket, the loose paletot being preferred to the adjusted casaque, which is still worn on other occasions. An entire suit of Mexican cloth, embroidered with white, is very stylish. A round hat is indispensable, the toque, or a broader-brimmed hat, being worn according as one is going north or south. It is said that we are about to witness the return of broad-brimmed hats, with large feathers, in the Di Vernon style. We shall see. In this case it will be very advantageous for the complexion, for almost everyone paints now, and the colours and sun combined have a disastrous effect on the skin. It is certain that we begin to see large round hats among the milliners who set the fashion.

The Housekeeper.

HOME-MADE WINES.

In our impression of July 9, a "Practical Housewife" gave some good sound advice on the seasonable subject of fruit preserving. We would now direct attention to the kindred and scarcely less-important topic of wine-making from home-grown fruit; and to this end, turn to a little work by Mr. Vine that has just been published by Messrs. Groombridge, and contains within a small compass pretty full directions on the whole subject. Mr. Vine writes in the way of—



COUNTRY AND WALKING TOILETS.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.—Do not add more than a pint of water to each quart of the pure juice of any fruit to make wine. The great fault is over-watering. Use more juice and less water, and let your wine age. Do not sweeten your "must" until you make it into syrup when your intention is to make wine. The best loaf-sugar that can be had should be used for the finest wines. It will save a vast amount of skimming, make the wine clearer, and the flavour will be more delicate. All wines made from sugar and honey, even if only partially so, must be boiled for at least half an hour, and skimmed and cleared as much as possible during that process. Enter into a book the quantities of fruit, sugar, water, &c., which you have used for each wine; how long they fermented, at what heat; in what temperature they were kept; how long they were kept in the wood; in what condition they were when tapped; how long they were kept in bottle, and any other particulars likely to be useful for reference, which will greatly assist you when you next make any wine of the same sort. It is the invariable practice amongst makers of domestic wine to add brandy. Dr. McCulloch says that this practice has been introduced under the mistaken notion of preventing wines from turning sour, and enabling them to keep a longer time. But he says that this admixture decomposes wine, and that, although slow, the process is certain. The first and most conspicuous effect of it is the loss of that undefinable and lively or brisk flavour, which all those who possess accuracy of taste can discover in French wines, or in natural wines. Brandy is not added to wines in France or Germany; the finer wines, claret, burgundy, and hock, are totally destroyed by it. But the practice is universal in the wines of Spain, Portugal, and Sicily, which are intended for the English market. If, however, brandy or malt spirit is to be employed, the quantity of sugar is to be diminished at the rate of two pounds for every quart of spirit to be added. The following, selected from Mr. Vine's receipts, may be commended as seasonal at the present time:—

APRICOT WINE.—Take twelve pounds of ripe apricots, wipe them clean, and cut them in pieces; then put them into two

gallons of water, and let them boil; then let them simmer only, till the water has strongly acquired the flavour of the fruit; then strain the liquor through a hair sieve or a hair or canvas bag, and add to it six ounces of loaf sugar for each quart of the liquor; then boil it again, and skim it carefully; and when the scum has ceased to rise, pour it into an earthen ware pan. The next day, if it is quite clear, as it most likely will be, bottle it off, and put a lump of sugar into each bottle. In six months it will be a fine mellow wine.

Another process.—Put three pounds of loaf sugar into three quarts of water, and boil it, skimming carefully until the scum has ceased to rise; then put in six pounds of ripe apricots, skinned and cut in pieces, and let them boil until they are tender; then take out the fruit, and having added a sprig of clary, boil again for one minute; pour the liquor into an earthenware pan, and the next day, if it is quite clear, bottle it.

BLACK CHERRY WINE.—Four five gallons of boiling water on to twenty-four pounds of small black cherries and bruise them, taking care not to break the stones; stir it well, and let it stand for twenty-four hours; then strain it well, and add two pounds of sugar to every gallon of the liquor; mix it well, and let it stand for another twenty-four hours; then pour off the clear liquor into a cask, let it ferment, and bung up tightly. Bottle it in six months. It should be kept in a bottle a year at least.

RED CHERRY WINE.—Press out the juice from four gallons of red cherries bruised; then break about an eighth part of the stones and pour five and a half gallons of water on to the marc,* and let it macerate or steep for twenty-four hours, to extract the flavour from the stones; strain off the liquor, mix it with the juice, and add fifteen pounds of sugar, three ounces of red tartar, and two quarts of brandy. Let it ferment; then bung up the cask; and bottle it in six months. It should be kept in bottle for a year.

BLACK CURRANT WINE.—Gather all currants in dry weather when quite ripe, strip them from the stalks, pick away all leaves, &c. Press out the juice in a sieve without breaking the seeds. To each gallon of the juice add the same quantity of water and eight pounds of raw sugar; put it into a cask and fill it up as it works over. When it has done fermenting add one pint of brandy for each gallon of the pure juice used; bung it tightly, and let it stand for twelve months before bottling. In six months more it will be fit to drink.

RED CURRANT WINE.—Add two gallons of water and eight or nine pounds of finely-powdered loaf sugar to each gallon of the pure juice; see that the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, put it into a cask and place the bung lightly over bung-hole, so as to admit the air a little to help the fermentation. When it has done fermenting bung up tightly; bottle it in twelve months, cork well, and seal them. In three months it will be excellent. Red raspberries added in the proportion of one quart of juice to twenty of the currant juice will greatly improve this wine.

WHITE CURRANT WINE.—Use the preceding proportions of juice, water, and sugar, but do not add any raspberries. When it has been working for ten or fifteen days, suspend in the middle of the liquor a muslin bag, containing one pint of mustard seed, which has been steeped in brandy. The string of the muslin bag can be fastened to the bung. The brandy that it has been steeped in can be put into the wine. Bottle it in twelve months as in the preceding receipt.

RIPE GOOSEBERRY WINE.—Put the ripe and well-picked red gooseberries into a tub or a pan, bruise the fruit well, and leave it uncovered for twenty-four hours. Squeeze the juice from the pulp through a hair or canvas bag. Put the residue of each squeezing into a vessel, pour upon it half a gallon of boiling water for each gallon of fruit used, and stir well for a quarter of an hour. Let it stand for twelve hours, squeeze the pulp through the bag, and add the liquor to the juice of the fruit obtained. Add two pounds and a half of sugar to each gallon of the liquor, and stir it well. Let it stand to ferment. When it has done fermenting, draw it off and add three-quarters of a pint of brandy to each gallon. Let it stand to settle for four or five weeks, then draw it off carefully into a cask that will just hold it; keep it in a cool cellar for twelve months or more, when it may be bottled. Choose a clear, dry, cold day. It ought to be a splendid wine in two years.

CHOICE AMERICAN RECEIPTS.

STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE.—Rub into a pint and a half of prepared flour one teaspoon of butter; beat one egg very light; add milk to make a soft dough; divide in three parts; roll out lightly, lay one portion on a pie plate or tin, sprinkle a little flour on the top, then squeeze the juice from the pulp through a hair or canvas bag. Put the residue of each squeezing into a vessel, pour upon it half a gallon of boiling water for each gallon of fruit used, and stir well for a quarter of an hour. Let it stand for twelve hours, squeeze the pulp through the bag, and add the liquor to the juice of the fruit obtained. Add two pounds and a half of sugar to each gallon of the liquor, and stir it well. Let it stand to ferment. When it has done fermenting, draw it off and add three-quarters of a pint of brandy to each gallon. Let it stand to settle for four or five weeks, then draw it off carefully into a cask that will just hold it; keep it in a cool cellar for twelve months or more, when it may be bottled. Choose a clear, dry, cold day. It ought to be a splendid wine in two years.

EGG TOAST.—Put some milk to boil in a farina kettle; when it comes to a full "boil" take from over the fire, and break in your eggs; let them stand in the hot milk from eight to ten minutes, but not over the fire. Steam a light biscuit till soft, or dip it into boiling milk, and lay the egg on it, sprinkling over a little salt and pepper. If desired, after the biscuit is steamed or moistened in hot milk, you can spread a little butter over it, before the egg is put on it. This is a pretty breakfast dish, and much more healthy than when the eggs are boiled, fried, or made into an omelette, as the albumen (or white of the egg), being only slightly cooked, is much more digestible. If careful not to scorch it, it is better to boil in an iron kettle rather than the farina kettle, as iron will retain the heat longer than tin, when taken from the fire. Cooked in boiling water rather than milk, eggs are said to be even more digestible, but they are not so palatable.

FEARFUL CAKE.—One egg. Cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, half a cup of milk, one and a half cups of flour, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, half a teaspoonful of soda. A nice, plain cake—to be eaten while it is fresh.

* The husks, skins, stalks, stones, &c., which are left after the liquor has been drawn off.

Our Work-Table.

EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

We give this week, as pleasant suitable work for the seaside, where one often finds many spare half-hours for such occupation, two pretty additions to our series of embroidery-patterns for handkerchiefs and other purposes. Initial letters and words demand a peculiar delicacy of execution, without which their beauty is entirely destroyed. They require a very fine cotton, and to have great care and neatness exercised in even the most minute of their several parts. A cotton even slightly too coarse will have a tendency to fray the cambric, as well as to militate against the beauty of the design. Previous to commencing the work, the corner of the cambric which is to receive the embroidery should be passed through weak gum-water, in order to prevent its becoming frayed, a consequence not unlikely to arise in this beautiful material, unless great care be taken. These names are intended for satin-stitch, with the lines sewn over. They may, if preferred, have

the flowers in ingrain red, and the other parts in white.

SOFA-CUSHION.

The stitch in which the design now given is to be worked still retains its popularity against new rivals, on

produce a handsome effect. The pattern in the middle of the cushion is in shades of scarlet, white, yellow, and grey; the four points of each star being reds, the cross in the centre in yellows, on a grey ground, with the four square corners in white. We have given the colours of one star only, the pattern being composed of a repetition of three stars on a bright French-blue ground. The ground of the border is in shaded scarlets, from a bright full scarlet to dark brown; the Egyptian pattern being in gold colour. The selection of the colours may of course

from his visit to Washington. All the presents the chief brought back from the East were at once buried with the wife. Spotted Tail is very angry, attributing the death to white sorcery during his absence from his wife.

STRANGE VICISSITUDES OF DWARFS.—What becomes of the worn-out dwarfs when they grow too old to exhibit? Dickens narrates wonderful things about them; he delighted in dwarfs,

difficulty of arrangement. Or a pattern of this kind can be introduced as a strip, which, with an alternate one of a simple character, say of scarlet braid, has a very pretty effect. For either of these purposes the design now given will be found appropriate. It is executed in solid and chain crochet, and can be worked from the engraving, as the pattern is in plain, solid crochet in every stitch, and the intermediate parts in the chain.

PATTERN IN BERLIN WOOLWORK!

Simple patterns in Berlin wool work, producing lively and pleasing effects, are amongst those supplies for the work-table which every lady finds most useful for various purposes, enabling her, with perfect ease, to make many pretty articles, which, if greater arrangement were necessary, would never be undertaken. The little design we now give is one of these. Wools of three different colours are all that are required; and these we may well leave to the taste of the worker.

The *New York Times* reports the death of the favourite squaw of Spotted Tail, the great Sioux chief, the day before his return

from his visit to Washington. All the presents the chief brought back from the East were at once buried with the wife. Spotted Tail is very angry, attributing the death to white sorcery during his absence from his wife.

STRANGE VICISSITUDES OF DWARFS.—What becomes of the worn-out dwarfs when they grow too old to exhibit? Dickens narrates wonderful things about them; he delighted in dwarfs,

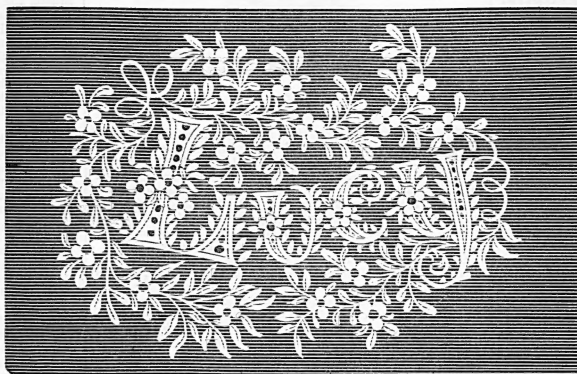


Fig. 1.—HANDKERCHIEF EMBROIDERY.

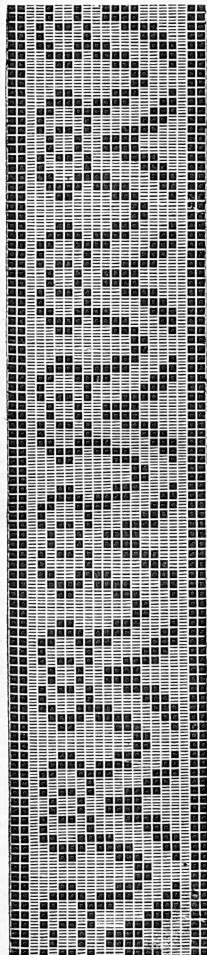


Fig. 4.—BORDER IN CROCHET.

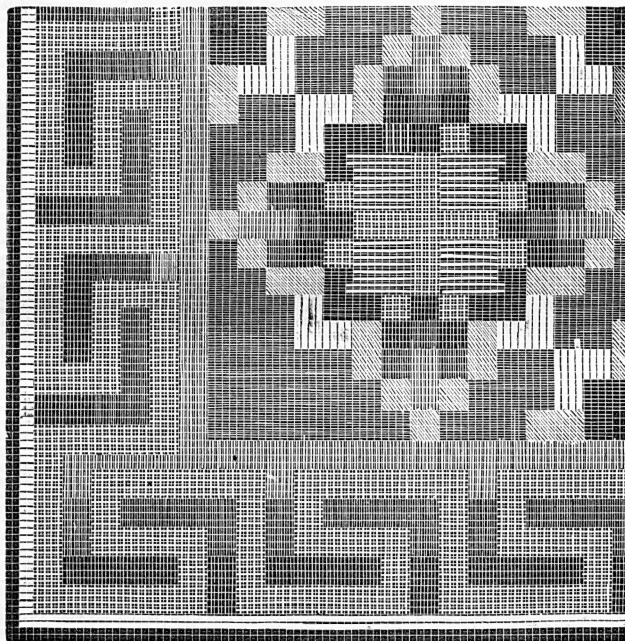


Fig. 3.—SOFA-CUSHION ON LEVIATHAN CANVAS.

account, no doubt, of the striking effect it may be made to produce with but little labour. The stitch is a square one, necessarily regulated in size by the texture of the canvas, which in its turn regulates the size

vary with the taste of the worker, some ladies preferring a more subdued effect; so that we only suggest this arrangement as looking very bright and effective.

BORDER IN CROCHET.

Crochet borders are frequently extremely useful for the purpose of enlarging any piece of work which it is wished to vary. A square of any pretty, simple, little pattern, surrounded by an ornamental border, forms at once a beancette cover or an antimacassar, without the slightest

whether public or private, and Mr. Quilp, Mr. Chops, and Miss Moucher

are enshrined in the Dickens gallery. But nothing so sad is related—not even the death of Mr. Chops, humorously pathetic as it is—as a story told within the last few days regarding the end of a little fellow named William Sallett, who after having made the round of Europe and amused crowned heads with his deformity, has now been carried into Bethnal-green workhouse to die. He is smaller than Tom Thumb—31 inches in height, and has one more year than inches. All his limbs are perfect, and he presents the appearance of a child three years old, at which age he ceased to grow. He is of dark complexion, and his features are by no means handsome. He speaks fluently, but being slightly deaf it is with great difficulty that a conversation can be carried on with him. He has been publicly exhibited both in England and France, and shown before the Emperor and the King of the Belgians. His father had made an arrangement with a Frenchman to part with him for the consideration of two pounds a week. The unhappy little man having fallen into ill-health, and his family and himself being in a state of destitution, the workhouse to which he had been removed promises to be the place of his final appearance in this world. Whoever profits by the public taste for grotesqueness, and the same apoplexy, we suspect, to the infant prodigies who perform in our concert-rooms, &c.

Fig. 5.—PATTERN IN BERLIN WOOL.

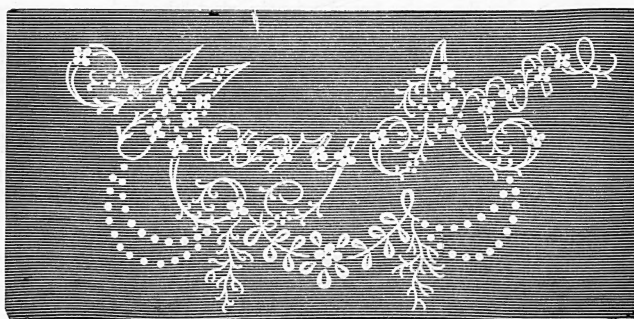


Fig. 2.—EMBROIDERY FOR HANDKERCHIEFS, ETC.

of the article; but it may be as well to give a few simple directions. Make a cross-stitch from corner to corner on as many threads as will form the size of the stitch required, then cross it from the contrary corners, in the usual way of working cross-stitch on canvas; it is then crossed straight down the centre between the cross-stitch, and again the contrary way. Thus there are four crossings to each stitch, which makes it much raised in the centre, and gives it a full, rich appearance. As the stitch is square and bold in character, it is necessary that the design should be arranged expressly to suit the work, and that it should consist chiefly of lines and angles. Thus the Egyptian border is especially appropriate and effective. The contrast of the colours must of course be attended to, as much depends on this. We will give those which will

Motherly Talks with Young Housekeepers.

By Mrs. H. W. BEECHER.

X.—SYSTEMATIC LABOUR.

THE advantage of system, or method in labour is shown as plainly in small things as in those which we are accustomed to consider of more importance. Indeed, this habit once fixed in regard to little things will eventually manifest itself in all that the hands find to do. Watch a number of young children together, and you will see how here and there, one who takes hold of anything, whether work or play, with an ease and unhesitating exactness quite in contrast with the awkward laboured efforts of the others; whatever the one undertakes is accomplished without an effort, apparently, and before its companions have effected anything. Those who notice this say, "How naturally and easily that child takes hold of anything she wishes to do, and what awkward, clumsy children the others are."

No doubt there is a great difference in the natural aptness of children, but much is to be attributed to good or bad training; and you will find that, whatever the natural endowments may be, they have been developed into practical use by home training, or left to run to waste by the lack of it.

Unfortunately, most of that class upon whom many of us are obliged to depend, have had no opportunity for systematic training. So they pick up a few ideas here and there, and use them very inefficiently. For example: notice the manner in which many girls remove the dishes at the dinner-table. It makes one uneasy and nervous to sit by and observe the slovenly manner in which this work is often accomplished. Soup-plates, with a quantity of soup remaining, piled one above another—all the more liable to spill over, from the soup-spoons which are gathered up with them; or the dinner-plates heaped together, with knives, forks, and spoons tossed in among the greasy contents—had enough when the handles are silver or plate, but ruinous if of bone or ivory; salad, pickle, preserve, and little butter-dishes mixed in among the dinner-plates; large and small all thrown together in one heap, and this unsafe, tottering pile whisked over the heads of those who sit at the table, in a way that to the unhappy hostess is suggestive of nothing but the destruction of some cherished article.

Such a heedless and unsatisfactory way of doing even so small a thing as removing dishes from the table, is entirely unnecessary. The right way is by far the most expeditious, as well as infinitely more agreeable.

Let the waiter pass quietly around the table, first gathering all the knives, forks, and spoons into a receptacle. Next see that the plates are gathered in a neat pile, arranged according to their size, before removal. Then let the waiter, with a clean plate and fork, take up every unbroken piece of bread that may remain by the plates, and remove salts, casters, vegetable covers, etc., and gather the crumbs with a crumb-knife or brush, while you, if you like, may fold the table towels, or collect the mats.

A table can thus be neatly cleared and ready for the dessert in five minutes, without the noise or disturbance that too often attends this part of table service.

DICKENS IN CAMP.

The following verses, which will be read with interest and pleasure in England, appeared in the July number of the *Overland Monthly*, a San Francisco magazine, the copies of which have just reached London:—

Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting,

The river sang below;

The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting

Their minarets of snow:

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted

The ruddy tints of health

On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted

In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure

A hoarded volume drew,

And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure

To hear the tale anew;

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,

And as the fire-light flared,

He read aloud the book wherein the Master

Had writ of "Little Nell."

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader

Was youngest of them all—

But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar

A silence seemed to fall;

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,

Listened in every spray,

While the whole camp, with "Nell" on English meadows,

Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'er-taken

As by some spell divine—

Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken

From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:

And he who wrought that spell?—

Ab, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,

Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story

Blend with the breath that thrills

With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory

That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak, and holly,

And laurel wreaths entwine,

Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—

This spray of Western pine!

The representation at the Strand Theatre some months ago of *The Hair-at-Law* revealed in the Strand company, of Mr. J. T. Clarke was then a member, higher qualifications for the performance of old comedy than could reasonably have been expected in actors long habituated to lighter and more modern forms of dramatic entertainment—such as comedietta and burlesque—in which they had acquired peculiar proficiency. It is probable that the happy result of that bold experiment that we are to ascribe the revival on Saturday evening of *The School for Scandal*; but the result has shown that artists who are sufficiently at home with Colman do not find it quite so easy to establish friendly relations with Sheridan.

"A few months ago I was suffering from inflammation of my throat, caused by a cold, so that I could only with difficulty swallow my food. I could get no permanent relief, till a friend induced me to try your Vegetable Pain Killer. A few doses completely cured me.—J. MACK, 118, Gordon-street, Liverpool.—To P. D. & Son, London."



Court and Fashionable News.

THE COURT.

HER MAJESTY, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise, Prince Leopold, and Princess Beatrice, left Windsor Castle on Thursday morning last week, at half-past nine o'clock, for Osborne. The suite in attendance consisted of Lady Waterpark, the Hon. Mary Lascelles, Viscount Bridport, Colonel H. Ponsonby, and Mr. Duckworth. The royal party arrived at Osborne at half-past twelve o'clock, having crossed over from Gosport in Her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*, Captain Sir Sereno Highness, Prince of Leiningen, G.C.B. On the Friday morning the Queen walked in the grounds, accompanied by Princess Louise. Princess Beatrice also went out.

In the afternoon the Queen drove out, accompanied by Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, and Her Majesty walked in the grounds on Saturday morning, with Princess Louise. In the afternoon the Queen and Princess Beatrice drove out after tea by Lady Waterpark. Viscount Halifax arrived at Osborne, and had the honour of dining with the Queen and the Royal Family.

On Sunday morning Her Majesty and their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice attended Divine service at Whippingham Church. The Rev. George Prothero, assisted by the Rev. John Dutton, officiated. The Rev. G. Prothero preached the sermon.

The Queen walked in the grounds on Monday morning, accompanied by Princess Louise. Princess Beatrice also went out. Viscount Halifax left Osborne.

The Queen drove out on Monday afternoon, accompanied by Princess Louise; and Her Majesty walked in the grounds on Tuesday morning with Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice.

Their Royal Highnesses Princess Victoria and Princess Maude of Wales arrived at Osborne on Monday.

The Duchess of Sutherland arrived on a visit to Her Majesty. His Royal Highness Prince Arthur, attended by Colonel Elphinstone and Lieutenant Pickard, arrived at Osborne on Tuesday from Canada. His Royal Highness was met at Trinity Pier, East Cowes, by the Queen and their Royal Highnesses Princess Louise and Princess Beatrice, on his landing from Her Majesty's yacht *Alberta*, from Her Majesty's ship *Crocodile*, Captain G. H. Parker. Colonel G. A. Maude was in attendance upon Her Majesty.

Her Majesty and the Royal Family are expected to return to Windsor on the 17th August, but will only remain one night previous to leaving for Scotland.

The Gazette notifies that the Queen has been pleased to appoint Sir Thomas Watson, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., to be one of the Physicians in Ordinary to Her Majesty, in the room of Sir James Clark, Bart., M.D., F.R.S., deceased. The Queen has been pleased to appoint George Burrows, M.D., F.R.S., to be one of Her Majesty's Physicians Extraordinary.

The *Dundee Advertiser* states that Prince Edward of Saxe Weimar is to shoot this season over the Glenamick moors and forest, which have been placed at his Highness's disposal during Mr. Mackenzie's absence on the Continent. The Prince of Wales is to allow Prince Edward and his party to occupy Birk Ha as a residence.

It is announced that the Queen has promised to lend eight pictures from the galleries of Windsor and Hampton Court, as well as a number of drawings from the Windsor library, to the Holbein exhibition at Dresden.

After the departure of Her Majesty the Queen on the Thursday, for Osborne, arrangements were made for the intended visit of their Royal Highnesses Prince and Princess Christian to the Continent. At Brookes House, Windsor Park, the residence of their Royal Highnesses, the luggage had been prepared and the servants held in readiness for the journey, while the directors of the South-Eastern Railway had forwarded a couple of Royal saloons to the Windsor station of the South-Western line, where they were to have been attached to the 6.15 p.m. train for Waterloo. At the last moment it was intimated to the railway authorities that their Royal Highnesses would not proceed at the time appointed. It is now understood that while the preparations were being made Prince and Princess Christian received a telegram from Her Majesty advising them to postpone their visit for the present, and their Royal Highnesses will doubtless now defer their journey till matters become more settled upon the Continent.

Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe Weimar had a dinner party on Saturday evening at their residence in Portland-place.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge had a dinner party on Tuesday evening at Gloucester House, Piccadilly, to celebrate the forty-ninth anniversary of the birth of his sister, her Royal Highness the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz.

The Prince of Wales was to embark at the end of the present week for Denmark to join the Princess, and return with her Royal Highness to England.

THE UPPER TEN THOUSAND.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

The Queen has ordained that the brothers and sisters of the late Hon. Stephen Edmond Spring-Rice, whilst living the eldest son and his apparent of the late Lord Montagu, shall enjoy the same title, place, pre-eminence, and precedence, as if their father had succeeded to the title.

His Excellency the Austrian Ambassador and the Countess Apponyi entertained at dinner on Monday evening, in Belgrave-square, his Excellency the Russian Ambassador and Baroness de Brunnow, Maria Marchioness of Ailsbury, the Earl and Countess Granville, &c.

The Marquis d'Azeglio was left the Albany for Buxton, Derbyshire, for a few weeks.

The Viscountess de Saxe was safely delivered of a daughter on Thursday last week, at 19, Grosvenor-square.

The Countess of Airlie had a garden party on Saturday at Airlie Lodge, Campden-hill, Kensington, which was well attended.

His Excellency the North German Ambassador and the Countess Bernstorff gave a farewell dinner on Saturday to the Russian Ambassador and the Baroness Brunnow, at the Embassy on Carlton-house-terrace.

The Earl and Countess of Ailsbury entertained at dinner on Saturday, at their residence in Stratford-place, the Prince and Princess Teano, the Duchess San Arpino, the Earl of Abington, the Countess of Tankerville, &c.

The Earl and Countess of Crawford and Balcarres enter-

tained at dinner on Saturday, at their residence in Grosvenor-square, the Earl of Ilchester, Lord and Lady H. Scott, Lord Douglas, Lady Alwyne Compton and a select party.

The Earl and Countess of Verulam and family left their residence in Stanhope-street on Saturday for Gorhambury, Herts, for the season.

Her Royal Highness the Princess Mary Adelaide and his Serene Highness the Prince of Teck honoured Maria, Marchioness of Ailsbury, by their company at dinner on Friday evening at her residence in Hertford-street, Mayfair.

Lord and Lady Headley and family have left town for their seat, Achadoe House, Killarney, for the season.

On Thursday night last week, the Countess Somers had a ball at the family residence at Prices-gate, which was honoured by the presence of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales and other royal guests, together with about 500 of the leading members of the aristocracy. The staircase and ball-room were profusely adorned with choice flowers. The company began to assemble shortly after eleven o'clock, and by half-past dancing commenced to Coote and Tinney's band. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, attended by Major Grey, arrived shortly before twelve o'clock. The Princess Mary Adelaide of Teck and the Prince of Teck arrived at half-past twelve o'clock. The Countess of Ailsbury, the Countess of Devon, the Countess of Warwick, the Countess of Arundel, and the Countess of Derby also honoured the Countess Somers with their company. Their Serene Highnesses Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar and several members of the corps diplomatique and foreigners of rank were present.

Lady Holland gave her second afternoon party on the Wednesday, at Holland House, Kensington, on which occasion there were numerous and distinguished members of the Royal Family and illustrious foreigners, and a very numerous circle of the leading members of the aristocracy. The pleasure grounds attached to the fine old English mansion never appeared to be so crowded.

VISIT OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DERBY TO LIVERPOOL.—The Earl and Countess of Derby are expected to arrive at Knowley Hall in a few days, and on the 24th of August his Lordship will lay the foundation stone of the Booby Hospital. The noble Earl and the Countess will be met at the Booby boundary line by the Mayor and Corporation of this newly-incorporated borough. On the same day the Countess of Derby will open a bazaar in aid of the funds for the erection and support of the hospital. Butte, we may add, forms one of the principal portions of the Derby estates in Lancashire.

DEATH OF THE COUNTESS DOWAGER OF MEXBOROUGH.—We have to announce the death of the venerable Countess Dowager of Mexborough, in the eighty-eighth year of her age, which took place at Brighton on Sunday evening. Her ladyship was the eldest daughter of Philip third Earl of Hardwicke, and leaves surviving issue John fourth Earl of Mexborough, the Hon. and Rev. Philip Yorke Savile, and Lady Sarah Elizabeth, married to General the Hon. James Lindsay, second son of the late Earl of Crawford. By her ladyship's demise the families of Hardwicke, Caledon, Warwick, Somers, and many others are placed in mourning.

DEATH OF THE HON. CHARLES SPRING-RICE.—We have to announce the death of the Hon. Charles Spring-Rice, second son of Thomas first Lord Montagu, by his first wife, Lady Theodosia Perry, second daughter of Edmond Henry, first Earl of Liverpool. He was born 10th January, 1819, and married, 26th April, 1855, Elizabeth Margaret, eldest daughter of Mr. William Marshall.

DEATH OF SIR CHARLES BURRARD, BART.—The death is announced of Admiral Sir Charles Burrard, Bart., which took place a few days ago at Holmfild. The deceased baronet was the third son of Sir Harry Burrard, and was born 2nd March, 1794, and succeeded his father as second baronet in October, 1813. He married, 8th April, 1826, Louisa, second daughter of Sir Henry Lushington, Bart., by whom he leaves issue a family of all daughters.

SIR R. J. H. HARVEY.—No event which has occurred this year in Norfolk has excited a more general and widespread feeling of consternation than the fatal injury sustained by Sir R. J. H. Harvey, Bart., on Friday afternoon last week, at his residence at Crown Point, near Norwich. The consternation and uneasiness were also increased by the circumstances attending the lamentable event, pointing to the conclusion that the wound which the hon. baronet was found to have sustained was inflicted by his own hand. Sir Robert walked in his rosiery or shrubbery at Crown Point during Friday afternoon, and suddenly two pistol shots were heard. Some workmen and relatives rushed to the spot, and found Sir Robert in a sitting position, under an ash tree, bleeding from a severe wound. Painful rumours circulated throughout Norwich on Friday evening, and when Saturday morning arrived the bank of which he was a banking partner suspended payment. The liabilities of the bank are estimated at 1,500,000, in round figures, and it is calculated that the assets will enable a dividend to be paid of at least 15s. in the pound. The causes of the collapse are heavy commitments resulting from the operations of Sir R. Harvey upon the Stock Exchange, Sir Robert having been a great speculator of late in Spanish and other foreign stocks. Sir Robert has since died.

The Duchess of Richmond and Ladies Lennox left town on Monday for Goodwood. The noble Duke and Duchess will receive at Goodwood a distinguished company for the annual race meeting.

Lady Mary Nisbet Hamilton had a dancing party on Tuesday night at the family residence in Chesham-place, when a select company were present.

Countess Poulett has arrived from the Continent at her residence in Hanover-square.

FORTHCOMING FASHIONABLE EVENTS.

To-day (Saturday).

Mrs. Schuster's third garden party at Roehampton.

Mrs. Jackson's afternoon party at Fulham Palace.

Grand concert at Crystal Palace.

The Hurlingham Club—Optional Sweepstakes at handieap distances. The band of the Scots Fusiliers will be in attendance.

July 26.

Viscountess Combermere's evening party.

Goodwood races.

July 27.

Lady Holland's fourth afternoon party at Holland House.

Mrs. Henry Bruce's second assembly.

July 30.

Banquet to Her Majesty's Ministers at the Mansion House.

FOREIGN COURTS.

The heir-presumptive of the Crown of Belgium is at present staying with his mother, the Countess de Flanders, at the chateau of the Prince of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen.

The marriage of the Princess Mary of Holland with the Prince de Wied will shortly be celebrated. Her Royal Highness is the daughter of Prince Frederic, and cousin to the

King of the Netherlands. The Princess Mary was born on the 5th of July, 1841, and has, therefore, completed her 29th year. The Prince de Wied arrived at the Hague last week on a visit.

The *Præse* of Vienna gives some information from a "well-informed and impartial" source about Prince Leopold, whose candidature for the Spanish throne was the cause of rupture between France and Prussia. He is, it says, an amiable, unassuming man, without the slightest pride of race. He and his brothers, Charles and Anthony, were brought up very much in the same father. He is a captain in the military corps. Leopold has risen to the rank of colonel in the Prussian regiment of guards, but he never showed much liking for the army. His great hobby is science, and his philosophical and historical studies at Düsseldorf, Berlin, and Potsdam so absorbed his attention that he abstained almost entirely from the diversions and pleasures of his comrades. He has always been very popular with his associates, and is a man of a generous and liberal disposition, and though extremely glib to ladies, he has never been so attached to any one as to his mother. The great wealth of their father enabled the princes to satisfy every wish, notwithstanding which they live in the simplest manner. Prince Leopold, like his father, is a Liberal in politics.

MARRIAGES IN HIGH LIFE.

A marriage has been arranged to take place in September next between Miss Liebert, daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Liebert, of Swinton Hall, Manchester, and niece of Mr. Bernhard Liebert, of Brook House, Manchester and Mr. Roger Granville, son of the late Mr. Bernhard Granville, of Wellesbourne Hall, Warwick.

The marriage of the Marquis of Downshire and Miss Balfour, eldest daughter of Mr. and Lady Georgina Balfour, of Balbirnie, Fifeshire, is appointed to take place on Tuesday next at St. George's Church, Hanover-square.

A marriage is arranged to take place between Lieut.-Colonel the Hon. C. W. St. Clair, Master of Sinclair, and Margaret Jane, younger daughter of Mr. James Murray, of Bryanston-square.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will of the general Sir De Lacy Evans, G.C.B., formerly of Bryansport-square, and late of 6, Great Cumberland-place, Hyde-park, was proved in Her Majesty's Court in London, on the 2nd inst., by Lieutenant-Colonel Charles Townsend Wilson (Coldstream Guards) and Mr. Arthur Thomas Stevens, the surviving executors, and to which he left a legacy of £10,000, to be paid to his only daughter, who is a person who was sworn under £80,000. By his will he leaves to his stepson, Mr. Philip Alexander Hughes (the son of his wife by a former marriage), besides other property, such an amount as will, with the value of other bequests, make up £20,000, free of duty. He appoints his two nephews, John and Henry Evans, as trustees, who are to pay to his daughter, on her bequest of £20,000, from the Stanford-hill estate, under a codicil to the will of the Hon. Robert Otway, payable on the decease of Baroness Bray.

The will of Mr. Henry Utrick Coulthurst, of 13, New-inn, and Streamtham, Surrey, was proved in London, on the 29th ult., by his brother, Mr. William Mathew Coulthurst, of the Strand, the sole executor. The personality was sworn under £60,000. The will is dated Nov. 20, 1846, and the testator died May 13 last. There are some legacies left to his eldest brother and family, and to his brother the Rev. Edward Coulthurst, and to his aunt, Margaret Coulthurst. His bequests as to real property, real and personal, to his brother William M. Coulthurst absolutely; but, in doing so, he expresses his wish that the residue should be for the benefit of himself and his brother Nicholas, and his sister Hannah Matilda Coulthurst; and, should his executor see fit, he would also make some provision for persons who were attached to his family.

The will of Mr. Richard Greaves, of the Cliff, Warwickshire, was proved in the registry at Birmingham on the 9th ult., and the personality sworn under 100,000*l.*, the executors and trustees being Mr. Thomas Lloyd, of the Priory, Warwick; Mr. John William Kirshaw, of Warwick; and Mr. Michael Henry Larkin, the testator's nephew. He bequeaths to his wife a legacy of 8,000*l.*, and she appears to have been a woman of life, with power of disposition over the same in favour of his nephews (but not to include the children of his brother, John Whitehead Greaves, otherwise provided for). His estate at Aston, Warwickshire, he leaves to his brother Edward for life, and after his decease to his said brother John, charged with the sum of 5,000*l.*, to be paid to him on his execution of office. His brother Edward leaves 8,000*l.* among his brothers and sisters, and legacies to other relatives and annuities to servants.

CAUTION TO NON-GENIC PARTIES.—On Sunday afternoon, about half-past five o'clock, a shocking accident occurred in the Long-walk, Windsor-park, at a spot about 200 yards from Frogmore Lodge-gate, the residence of Prince and Princess Christian, and nearly in a line with the Royal Mausoleum. A young man named W. R. Johnston, aged about twenty-five, was lying asleep near the ditch beneath a couple of elm trees, when a branch of one of the trees, which had been gnawed by the rats, and fracturing the base of his skull and collar bone. On Monday the inquest was held at the Windsor Infirmary. Mr. Menzies, deputy-surveyor of Windsor Forest, stated that having heard of the accident, he felt it his duty to make an examination of the tree. He saw the limb itself and the place where it fell from. The branch was a living one, and had fallen about 40 feet. He might state that elm trees, when gnawed by rats, are liable to break off at any time, and he had. The tree itself was in perfect health as looked at from the outside. During great heat and great drought branches of elm trees were exceedingly liable to fall without the slightest notice or warning, and green branches much more so than dead ones, even in the calmest weather. Witness said he constantly warned pic-nic parties sitting under elm trees of hot weather and of the danger they ran, and they would be liable to any other sort of loss. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death."

FANCY DRESSES.—Z. SIMPSON and COMPANY invite special attention to their extensive stock of New Summer Goods, 44d., 64d., 74d., 84d., 104d., and 124d. per yard. A special lot of Lustreine Alpacans in all colours, 64d. per yard, worth 94d.—Z. SIMPSON and Co. are also offering a large parcel of really useful Fancy Silks, 35s. 6d. the dress of 12 yards. 65 and 66 (late 48, 49, 50, and 53), Farringdon-street, E. C.

Those ladies who have not yet tried the GLENFIELD STARCH are respectfully solicited to give it a trial, and carefully follow out the directions printed on every package. It is rather more difficult to make than other Starches, but when this is overcome, they will say like the Queen's laundress, it is the finest Starch they ever used.

General News of the Week.

TWO English ladies, Miss Straton and Miss Lewis Lloyd, have just made the ascent of Monte Viso, following the track taken some years since by Count San Robert and M. Quintino Selle.

SUICIDE IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.—On Saturday night a man dressed in entirely new clothes, having in his possession a ticket from Stroud, cut his throat in a third-class carriage as the train was entering the Worcester Railway-station. There were five women in the carriage.

TRIPLE BIRTH.—A few days ago the Rev. Joseph Mann, vicar of Kellington, near Pontefract, received Her Majesty's gift of 3*l.* for the wife of a platelayer, named Joseph Drew, of Eggborough, whose wife had had three children at a birth, one boy and two girls.

Sarah Ann Nash, a girl of eighteen, has been convicted at the Old Bailey, of setting fire to the dwelling-house of Harry Robert Capes, her master, and stealing therefrom five 5/- bank-notes, gold, jewellery, and wearing apparel. She was sentenced to five years' penal servitude.

A NEW LIFEBOAT.—Lady Bouchier has presented to the National Lifeboat Institution a fine lifeboat, thoroughly equipped in every way, including transporting carriage, to be stationed at Chapel, midway between its Sutton and Skegness lifeboat establishments, on the coast of Lincolnshire.

DEATH OF LORD JUSTICE GIFFARD.—The death is announced of Sir George Markham Giffard, Lord Justice of the Court of Appeal, who died at his residence in Prince's-gardens, Hyde-park. The learned judge was son of Admiral Giffard, and was born at Portsmouth in 1813. He was universally respected in his profession.

The subject of the admission of women to Harvard University is being earnestly discussed by the authorities of that institution. At the late commencement dinner, Dr. Hedge, the President of the Divinity College, earnestly advocated the admission of women, and was heartily cheered by the alumni present.

DEATH OF A CHILD THROUGH GAS ESCAPING.—An inquest has been held at Haverstock-hill, on the body of Charles Lawley, aged sixteen, son of a reporter on *The Field*, who was found suffocated in bed. The gas burner in deceased bedroom was found broken off from the joint, and the room was full of gas. How the joint got broken off is unknown. The jury returned a verdict of "Accidentally suffocated with gas."

A GIGANTIC AQUARIUM.—The long talked of project of an aquarium for Brighton is now started. Judging of the undertaking by the lithographed view and plan as developed in the prospectus, we are glad to find that the undertaking is going to be carried out on a magnificent scale, such as will make it an ornament to, and one of the leading attractions of, the town.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.—There is no doubt that Dr. Livingstone is alive. The *Cape Town Standard* reports the arrival in Table Bay of the ship *Montrose*, Captain Anderson, from Zanzibar. Captain Anderson said he had had an interview with Dr. Kirk, who told him that he had just received a letter from Dr. Livingstone. He was quite well, and would shortly make his appearance at one of the European settlements.

MARRYING A WIDOW OUT OF SPITE.—Last week says the *Etoile Belge*, a young man married a widow with seven children out of spite. He had courted the eldest daughter for three years, but when she hinted at a little more expedition, the swain asked time to reflect. So did she, and married a brisker lover, whereupon the supplanted individual flew for consolation to the mother, and in a few days married her.

At Zurich, the question of admitting female students to a share of the highest scientific education, and of university diplomas, seems likely to be practically solved. At present fourteen ladies attend the lectures of the Faculty of Medicine concurrently with the male students; and last year two ladies, one Russian and the other English, passed their examination for the degree of Doctor of Medicine.

DEATH FROM EATING OYSTERS.—The Liverpool coroner held an inquest on Tuesday on the body of an unknown man—believed, from an envelope found upon his person, to belong to Sandbach, Cheshire. He purchased in St. John's fish market three pennyworth of oysters and ate them there. One of them was a very large-sized one. This became fixed in the upper portion of his windpipe and suffocated him, death being almost instantaneous.

ESCAPE OF A FEMALE PRISONER.—Mary O'Neill, who was convicted at the last Newcastle Sessions of robbery from the person, and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude, escaped on Friday morning from Newcastle Gaol. She had broken away a bar from her cell window, then got on the roof of a washhouse adjoining the boundary wall, and by means of a short rope descended on the other side of the wall, which is twenty-five feet high.

NURSES FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—The Preliminary Committee having for its object the formation of an English branch of the Société de Secours aux Blessés et Malades Militaires, is in course of augmentation. As a proof that no time is being lost, we may mention that a party of ladies and gentlemen, duly qualified, will most likely start to-day (Saturday) for the seat of war, to be attached as may be directed by the Comité International de Secours. The head-quarters of the committee are at 8, St. Martin's-place, Trafalgar square.

THE BABY SHOWS.—Last week witnessed the inauguration of a baby show at Highbury Barn. Babies of all sizes and of all ages—within the range of babyhood—and of all colours were exhibited; at least, there was one woolly-headed little nigger, and one olive-coloured Hindoo. A very disagreeable and humiliating spectacle it was. One cannot count on very few respectable parents can be found willing to take part in such an exhibition. The vanity that will lead a mother to take her little child to such a place must be of the coarsest kind. Then there was another show in the country, and this week the degrading spectacle of last year has been again repeated at the North Woolwich-gardens.

THE WELSH PASTING GIRL CASE.—The trial of Evan and Hannah Jacobs for the manslaughter of their daughter Sarah has been concluded. The learned judge ruled that although the girl might have been, and probably was, a consenting party to the fraud, yet parents were bound to supply the wants of their children of tender years; and if the prisoners, in order to avoid detection of the fraud which they had entered upon, refused food to the girl, they were guilty of manslaughter. The jury, after about half an hour's deliberation, found both prisoners guilty, and recommended the wife to the mercy of the consideration of the court, as they believe that she acted under the control of her husband. The judge said he entirely concurred in the verdict, and he should adopt their recommendation as regarded the wife, because it was just and possible that she was more under the control of her husband.

than had appeared. Still both had been guilty of an aggravated offence, for no doubt they both assisted in this fraudulent deception on their neighbours and the public, and in order to carry it out they risked the life of their child, and she died. The male prisoner was sentenced to twelve months imprisonment with hard labour, and his wife to six months' imprisonment, also with hard labour.

KIDNAPPING CHILDREN.—News has been received at Bombay from Nankin that serious tumults have occurred at the latter place in consequence of the kidnapping of children, in which foreigners were believed to be implicated. Several Chinese were tortured, and confessed that the foreigners were implicated. An attack by the mob on the French missionaries was hourly expected. The excitement was spreading, and at the wish of Consul Medhurst Her Majesty's gunboat Dove was going to Nankin to afford protection.

DEATH OF PARIS CELEBRITY.—A well-known Paris notable, *La belle Italienne*, has just died. She had been married five times, her partners being selected from tenors, noblemen, and adventurers. It is said she was related to Rossini. Her last husband was the house-porter. By her will she left her fortune of 100,000 francs to each male and female pupil of the parish school, to be paid over to the boys with interest on attaining their majority to buy them a substitute in the event of their being drawn for the conscription; the girls are to enjoy the sum to purchase their *trousseaux*, but if any of their forget to do so, the patrimony of old maids, why the legacy is lost to them. To "No. 5," she leaves a watch and chain he gave her.

MISS RYE'S DEPARTURE FOR CANADA.—Miss Rye sailed from Liverpool last week in the Allan steamer Prussian, taking with her 50 children from the Liverpool Industrial Schools, 15 from Bristol, 11 from Chichester, 2 from Cheltenham, 10 from Holborn, and a few "waifs and strays," making up a total batch of 120. She also takes out 17 grown women, 10 boys, 3 governesses, and 1 matron. Forty of the children have already places found for them, and the remainder for the present will be provided for in the Home at Niagara. A number of the members of the Liverpool Vestry visited Miss Rye on board before her departure, and thanked her for her earnest and philanthropic efforts.

LADIES' FLOWER-SHOWS.—On Tuesday, for the fifth year the annual flower-show of window-grown plants for the parish of St. Andrew's, Wells-street, was held in the gardens of the Middlesex Hospital. The Marchioness of Waterford, supported by several other lady patrons, and by Mr. Thomas Hughes, M.P., distributed the prizes, about sixty in number. —The successful competitor, at six o'clock, Sir Edwin Landseer's gardener adjudicated the prizes; and a very large number of the poorer inhabitants of the parish attended the show and enjoyed the music of the police band. Two of the nurses of the hospital were winners of prizes, and the neatness and beauty of the window-grown plants in kitchens, were remarkable. The show was both larger and better in quality than in former years.

ROBBERY OF RUSSIAN BONDS BY A WOMAN—At the Central Criminal Court, on Saturday, Ellen Jimina Downs, a widow, fifty-four years of age, was indicted for stealing Russian bonds of the value of 900*l.* It appeared that the prosecutrix, a married woman, named M'Keon, had lodged with the prisoner, and entrusted her with eighteen Russian Government bonds for 50*l.* each, which were kept in a little iron box. The last time she saw the bonds was in the year 1868, and she had since asked the prisoner for them, but had been unable to get possession of them. Evidence was given to show that twelve of the bonds had been sold by the prisoner in 1869 for 515*l.*, and in the result the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour. Her son, who gave evidence in her behalf, was ordered to be prosecuted for perjury.

THE BRIGHTON BABY-FARMERS.—It is stated by some of the papers that the girl O'Connor, formerly the service of the prisoners, says that on the 10th of May a gentleman brought a baby to Waters, and she told the girl that it was a lord's child, and that she had had 20*l.* with it. That was the child on which an inquest was held at Lambeth Workhouse on the 1st inst. An inventory has also been published of a large quantity of baby linen and other articles of clothing which had been pledged by the prisoners at various pawnshops in Camberwell, Brighton, and Peckham. Some of these articles are of good materials and handsomely made up, and many of them are marked with initials, and in some instances full names. Two are stamped with the initials "J. W. & Co.," and another with others with the Order of St. Patrick and motto, and one with a crown. Only three of the infants found in the house at Brighton now remain in the workhouse, and one of these is not expected to live.

MURDER OF A STEP-MOTHER.—William Redhead has been put upon his trial at the Central Criminal Court for the murder of his stepmother. The prisoner was a member of the Tower Hamlets Volunteers, and he gave himself up to the police, confessing that he had shot his step-mother with his rifle, and then set fire to the house. The defence set up for him by Mr. Ribton was that the shooting was accidental; and witnesses were called to show that he was a man of excellent character and inoffensive habits. Mr. Justice Byles, in summing up, said the case was one of the most painful in his experience. The jury retired at three o'clock, and at eight o'clock returned a verdict of guilty. After resting for the second time they returned almost immediately with a verdict of guilty, and with a strong and unanimous recommendation to mercy, which his lordship promised to forward to the proper quarter. The sentence has since been commuted to penal servitude for life.

IMPORTANT TO WIVES.—A novel question of vital interest to the members and managers of friendly societies was recently submitted to the Liverpool County Court Judge, Sergeant Wheeler, who, after taking time to consider, delivered judgment last week. A Mrs. Church, whose husband was a member of the Southern Sicel and Burial Society, and had become insane, brought an action against the Society to recover the cost of his maintenance in the Lancaster Lunatic Asylum, whither he had been sent by the Tentheth Board of Guardians. The Society resisted the demand principally upon the strength of a letter from the late Mr. Tidd Pratt, R-gistrar of Friendly Societies, to whom the case had been submitted, and who had said that insanity was not sickness, and that the allotment of funds upon that plea would be illegal. The learned Judge held that insanity was sickness within the meaning of the Act, and ordered a verdict to be entered for the plaintiff. In delivering judgment his Honour cited a number of German and other high medical authorities, and in a learned pathological argument, set forth that the brain was a bodily organ, subject to derangement from ordinary causes like other organs.

The Children's Hour.

HARRY AND HIS DOG.

By GRANDMAMA, in "Bright Thoughts for the Little Ones."

HARRY'S dog's a clever one,
See it when it begs,
Sitting so demure and still
On its two hind legs.
It will ride on pony's back,
Thro' the fields away,
Never thiaks of tumbling off,
Gallop as it may.

And when Harry goes to bed,
At his door it lies,
Till the morning comes again,
And it's time to rise.
Harry wouldn't part with Bob
For its weight in gold.
He intends to keep it snug
Till it's grey and old.

MY BROTHER'S WEDDING.

CHARLEY is my brother, and he is ten years old. He knows a great deal; he is in the Wars of the Roses in English history, and learned "Peto, tuli, latum" long ago; but he knows more about locomotives than anything else. He can tell every engine on the — railroad by its whistle when it is a mile away. "Here comes the Sampson, there goes the Hercules," he will say when he hears the scream through the woods, and he never makes a mistake. Indeed, he spends his time at the stile in the meadow watching the trains when he isn't fishing.

But he thinks fishing is so splendid that he will sit all the morning on the little wooden foot-bridge down by the brook. He says there is a sunfish there, in a hole under a stone. He calls us to "come quick" and see it sometimes, but it is always just gone, and we think it must be a shadow that he sees flickering about on the water, and that he will never catch it.

With his head so full of steam-engines and trains, and corks and baits, you will wonder how he found time to fall in love. Indeed, I do believe he could have done without it, but he thought it was very fine and large to be in love, and something that would make a man of him. Still, he wouldn't have thought of it, I know, if a little girl named Nelly had not come from the town to stay at the next farm. She wasn't as pretty as some girls I know, but she was very gentle and quiet, and had long light hair that came down over her shoulders, and was tied back from her face with blue ribbons. Whenever she was afraid of any one or was very happy she would shake her hair all over her eyes and hide behind it, and then her cheeks were pink, and she did look pretty.

The first thing Master Charley did, after they had looked at each other over the fences for a week, was to catch a club — really, this time — and tie it up in his pocket-handkerchief and leave it at the farmer's door one night after Nelly had gone to bed. His handkerchief had only his first name on it, Charley, and there was a great ink spot in one corner, and it was a little stained with cherries; but Nelly seemed to know where the fish came from, and it was all right.

After this they went on very fast; indeed, for the next Saturday Charley called me round the corner of the barn to



HARRY'S CLEVER DOG.

know whether *everlasting* had two v's in it or one. Boys can know Latin, you know, right well, and yet boggle over the easiest words. I told him how to put it, and then, as his face was very red, I begged him to let me see what he was writing. He had to tell me, anyhow, for he never could have got married without me; so he showed me what he had written on a leaf torn out of his exercise book:—

"I want you to be my everlasting love. If you love me we will be married on the 1st of June."

We had some girls to play croquet that afternoon, so I can't tell how he found Nelly or gave her the note, but he came in rather late to tea and laughed every time I looked at him. And afterwards he whistled about in the moonlight on the doorstep till mother said she was afraid he would get the

croup if he sat out there any longer. By this time the girls were gone, and then we sat down on the turn of the staircase, where the light don't shine up, and he told me that it was all right, and that Nelly wanted me to go up to the town with her to buy some things for the wedding. I didn't know her very well, but she hadn't any other friends here, and I would do anything for Charley.

Monday came, and Charley emptied his savings bank early in the morning, and his port-monnaie was crammed so full of pennies that it would hardly shut. But then, one doesn't get married every day!

Nelly wasn't to be seen when we unlatched the gate at the house; but soon I saw a little sun-bonnet just through the currant bushes, and there she was hiding and making believe to pull currants.

There never was a shop like Mr. Harper's, I do believe; he has just everything in it! First, we got the refreshments! We bought a cocoanut, some hard gingerbread, and some jubbe paste. Then we asked for rings, and as we were dreadfully afraid the man would know what we wanted them for, Charley stayed on the other side of the shop and looked at dog collars. I do believe then he wished he wasn't going to be married, for he had wanted a collar for Fanny for ever so long, only he wouldn't break his savings bank for that, you know! But I had his money now, and half of it had gone already for the cocoanut and things.

There was a blue glass ring that just fitted Nelly, so I bought that out of Charley's purse. Then she bought a black glass ring for him and fitted it on my finger, for his hand is as large as mine, though I am two years older.

Then she saw a splendid pink cravat with little tassels at the ends, and she said a ring wasn't a present at all; that you couldn't get married without it any more than without a minister, but a cravat would be a real present, and she would buy that for Charley. It cost a great deal more money than she had in her purse, but she had said to the man that she would take it, so I helped her out of Charley's money, and it took all that but three halfpence.

He had never thought of anything for her more than the ring and the refreshments; so I thought over my boxes at home and remembered a necklace I had that I would give her, and which would make it even. It was made of little shells, with the rough outside all taken off with some acid stuff and showing only the pretty pearl linings; and though it had come to me all the way from the seaside, I thought it might go for Charley's wife.

When we got home we put the refreshments in a cigar-box under the chestnut trees, and went into the house, for Nelly was invited to take dinner. My cousin George and Tom had come out from the city while we were up in the town, and were to stay a week with us. Of course we had to tell them all about it, and George said he would marry them if I would write the certificate, and that was the hardest part of all. I tried to make eagles and curls at the beginning of it, and it just looked like a blotted copy. Then I asked mother for a sheet of her monogram paper, as her initials are the same as Nelly's, and I thought Nelly would like to keep a paper with her own letters on it.

As soon as we could get away from dessert I took my darling Nelly upstairs, hurrying and trembling all the way, and quickly fastened my necklace around her throat. Then she put on the pretty white apron she had brought over to be married in. Before we went down to dinner we had washed out her little white gloves and laid them in the sun on the window-sill to dry, but they wouldn't get dry, so I ran downstairs with them to the kitchen fire. There was George, eating more pie, I declare! I told him I never knew ministers ate anything, and that he had better wait for us on the porch than in that hot place. I was hot enough, with all the hurry, and that darling waiting upstairs. I gave George the certificate to carry, and scorching one little glove finger while I rolled it up for him. I was afraid to let Charley have it; he loses everything so.

We girls went down first to the brook and waited there a few minutes before I gave the call Charley and I have for each other. Nelly was so out of breath that I thought she had better wait a little while, and when I called the boys they came right out from among the trees. George unrolled the certificate and read it very grandly.

It just said that Charley and Nelly would be married now, and that even if she moved away from here she would still be his wife till they grew up. Charley wanted it put "till death do us part," but Nelly said "No, she couldn't promise to *always* love him, for she was sure if he was like John Scott when he got big she shouldn't like him at all. She would marry him for *now*, and for all the time she was a little girl, because she was sure she should love him all that time, but when he went to college she would be afraid of him; it might be different."

Charley was rather inclined to break up the whole thing then; he thought he would love her till he died, but we persuaded him he could easily marry her over again, or just stay married if they wanted to.

We waited till the "three" train passed, as we didn't want that screeching in the midst of the ceremony, and then they both stood up under the large trees in the shade and held each other's hands and were married. When it came to the



DOBBIN.—(See next page.)



ADA'S PET LAMB.—(See next page.)

rings, Nelly was so frightened that she let Charley's fall, and the little black ring rolled away into the water. But Charley quickly jumped down the bank and pushed about with his feet among the stones till he found it and brought it back to her. Then he stood still with very wet boots till all was done, and the certificate was read again. I had signed both their names to it beforehand, because Nelly can only print. I thought when it finished with Nelly's new name, Nelly West, that Charley would have given a great jump and a "ya-hoop-onick-tee," as he always does when he gets done with things. Instead of that he was quiet and looked over into the out-field as if he was thinking hard. I know what his face will be when he grows up; he looked really old for a minute.

Then he seemed to come back from far away, and we all kissed Nelly and I kissed him. Then George, always hungry—he is—whispered to me it was time for refreshments; and we came up the bank, two and two, back to the chestnut trees again.

We ate down on the grass, and I brushed away the cut briar stems which I had heaped up over the box. I took off the lid, and, do you think, there was nothing in it but one hard coconut! The gingerbread was gone, and all but one little bit of jubjub with tooth-marks in it; that and the crumbs was all!

I was amazed and nearly sick. After all our trouble and the hot walk from the shop. Could the groom have been at it beforehand? Any other time I would have been sure it was Charley, for he does love gingerbread, and this was his own money, you know! But he wouldn't have eaten up his own wedding! And Nelly there to see the empty box! It was very strange! Somehow Charley didn't seem to care (any other time he would have cared); but he hurried to crack the coconut with a stone, and made Nelly drink the cool cocoa milk.

He didn't offer any to me, and for a minute I wanted to cry, with just the disappointing crumbs, and Charley caring only for Nelly; but then I knew she must come first that day, and that I must do without him till she went back to town.

We ate up the coconut. George teased the dogs, and Nelly sat as stupid as if she was playing "Mr. Pope and his lady," and by this time Charley was whistling through his teeth and kicking the grass. So I said, "Let's go to the swing," and we did; and I felt as if I hated everybody and that this day we had taken so much trouble about was nothing different from other days, after all! Everything was queer and stiff, and nobody wanted to come back to playing after being married; and I wasn't sorry when the cart stopped for Nelly on its way home from the field. She looked so pretty as she stood for a minute on the broad cart-wheel, before they hoisted her over, that I began to love her again. Though somehow I was glad that she didn't have to stay on for ever like real married people, and that the broad-wheeled cart came just when it did.

I saw it up the hill, and then turned to Charley, "Let's have one game of croquet before the tea-bell rings." But Charley wasn't there; he wasn't on the porch or at the pump. I called him all through the house, and "ou-ickided" as well as I could, and nobody answered but George, mocking! Then I hunted him in real earnest all around the wood-pile and in the barn. The barn-doors were wide open, and the hay was all about the floor, but nobody to be seen.

I was going away, when I heard a sniffling from the loft over Robin's stall, and there was Charley, sure enough, crying into the hay. It's all nonsense about boys not crying! Charley often cries to me when things go wrong; though he wouldn't let anybody else see him, he don't mind me.

I sat down and pulled the hay out of his hair, and said, "What's the matter, boy?" just as I used to before he was married.

And what do you think it was? Because Nelly had gone home and he couldn't have her always; couldn't have her that minute! and to be married this way everybody would laugh at, and that even mother wouldn't say, "Let her come live with us!"

I just got up and came right into the house; it makes me furious! And when I was so happy about it that there was no more bride near, and for Charley to want her always is more than I can bear. He may just cry it out, and I wish she was back in town!

What is that white thing that Fanny has in her mouth, tearing and snarling over?

There goes Charley after her, laughing and running. It's the certificate, I do believe! and it's all torn to bits! Maybe then he isn't married after all!

ADA'S PET LAMB.

By GRANDMAMMA, in "Bright Thoughts for the Little Ones."

CURLY, curly, curly pet,
You are very dear to me;
How I love my pretty one,
All your funny ways to see.
In the morning when I wake,
Ere I leave my little bed,
At the door I'm sure to see
Peeping in, your curly head,
What a merry time we have,
Running, leaping all the day;
When the pretty flowers I pluck
In the fields and meadows gay.
Curly, curly, curly pet,
Every kindness you shall know,
For I'm sure you love me, sweet,
Though you cannot tell me so.

DOBBIN.

DOBBIN'S the donkey to run at a race,
Though you wouldn't think it, to look at his face.
It's something, I tell you, to see him with Fred
Stuck up on his back, with no cap on his head;
And galloping, galloping mile after mile,
Or leaping a ditch, or a hedge, or a stile.
And how is it Dobbin's the donkey to go?
My dear little readers, would you like to know?
It's just because Freddy is gentle and good,
And never beats Dobbin, as naughty boys would.

Mr. R. L. ELLIOTT, the well-known Draper at 334, Bethnal-green road, writes, July 6, 1869: "I found your Pain Killer in universal use in California, particularly for diarrhoea, dysentery, &c., and never knew it fail to give relief. On one occasion, working in the mines, I tore nearly all the flesh from one of my fingers. I wrapped it up as well as I could, and separated with your Pain Killer, and was able to resume my work in three days afterwards.—To Perry Davis & Son, London."

Time and Valnits.

BROTHER AND SISTER.



IN the direct ways of practical humanity, and to sooth and purify his unruly desires by the holy and gentle influence of her affection? The man Coleridge might have been wiser and better, and the poet Coleridge stronger and more enduring; for the moral and intellectual perversity of the one would probably have been checked by the homely sense and instinctive purity of a good sister, and the spasmodic effort and abortive power of the other composed and prolonged into an ever-flowing current of useful force by her influence. This gives the impulse of duty and regularity of order to all within its attraction, and especially to a brother.

A poet is not given to all sisters, but each one possesses a power over the ordinary mortals who make up the vast majority of brothers which it behooves them to recognise and use discreetly. The tendency, however, of our day is either to ignore or pervert this power. The sister seems to have come to a tacit understanding with the brother that both are to be permitted to go their own way. She accordingly takes hers, and he his; and though they may both lead to the same bourne, which we need not indicate, there are but few points of contact. Brother and sister consequently seldom come together on the road; and when they do meet or pass it is with only a nod of formal acquaintanceship.

This indifference to a natural relation is attributed to a cause which is neither flattering to brother or sister. It is cynically stated that they are afraid of mutual disclosure, and avoid intimacy lest they may be known to each other as they are to the world. In compliance with what it is hoped may be merely a caprice of fashion, the girl assumes an audacity, and the boy a grossness, which are so incompatible with the reserve and refinement of the tender but modest and delicate intimacy between brother and sister that each avoids all approach to it. There are unquestionably, in the daily conduct of the young of both sexes, a thousand acts which, though they may not startle the sense of decorum of indifferent witnesses, would not bear the interested scrutiny of a brother's or sister's love.

Society—we mean those comparatively few, but, unfortunately, constantly increasing people who impudently assume that they constitute society—not only permits, but often boldly sanctions, on the part of its members, a demeanour which would not be tolerated in any well-ordered home. While the brother thus allows his sister to pass a life of uncontrolled social freedom, the vagaries of which he carefully ignores, he compensates himself by exacting an equal licence for his own conduct.

If it be desirable that all our women should become coquettes and our men fast, there can be no more effectual way of securing this than by the present plan of severing the natural intimacy between the youthful members of the family; for the former can hardly exist in the same family with a genuine brother and sister.

A GOOD MOTHER.

SOMETIMES one hears it said of a good wife and mother that "she's a regular home body." The phrase is simple, but what a world of ennobling qualities it indicates, and what a universe of frivolities it excludes. The matronly home body is indeed "heaven's best gift to man." Dashing ladies, whose mission is to set the fashions, won't you look in upon your gentle sister as she sits in her well-ordered nursery making the children happy with her presence? Note how she adjusts her little difficulties, and admonishes, encourages, instructs, amuses them as the case may require. Do you think any nursemaid could produce such harmony in that little circle? Is she not an enchantress? Verily, yes, and her charms are "love stronger than death for those sweet young faces, whose you may see her smiles and frowns (though she seldom has occasion to frown) reflected in glee and sorrow like sunlight and cloud-shadow in a quiet pool. What she is she will teach her daughters to be; and blessed are the sons that have such a mother.

MAKE HOME HAPPY.

MANY a child goes astray, not because there is want of prayer or virtue at home, but simply because home lacks sunshine. A child needs smiles as much as flowers need sunbeams. Children look little beyond the present moment. If a thing pleases them they are apt to seek it; if it displeases them they are prone to avoid it. If home be the place where peace and words harsh, and fault-finding is ever in the ascendant, they will spend as many hours as possible elsewhere. Let every father and mother then try to be happy. Let them look happy. Let them talk to their children, especially the little ones, in such a way as to make them happy.

A QUEER WILL.—The following is a veritable transcript from the record of a will admitted to probate in the State of New York: "I bequeath my body to the grave, my soul to its Maker, and the remainder of my property to my wife."

According to the calculations of Professor Wapmann, the average duration of human life is 28 1/2 years in Austria; 30 1/2 years in Saxony; 32 1/2 years in Prussia; 31 1/2 years in Saxony; 32 1/2 years in Saxony; 34 1/2 years in Saxony; 36 1/2 years in Saxony; 38 1/2 years in Saxony; 40 1/2 years in Saxony; 42 1/2 years in Saxony; 44 1/2 years in Saxony; 46 1/2 years in Saxony; 48 1/2 years in Saxony; 50 1/2 years in Saxony; 52 1/2 years in Saxony; 54 1/2 years in Saxony; 56 1/2 years in Saxony; 58 1/2 years in Saxony; 60 1/2 years in Saxony; 62 1/2 years in Saxony; 64 1/2 years in Saxony; 66 1/2 years in Saxony; 68 1/2 years in Saxony; 70 1/2 years in Saxony; 72 1/2 years in Saxony; 74 1/2 years in Saxony; 76 1/2 years in Saxony; 78 1/2 years in Saxony; 80 1/2 years in Saxony; 82 1/2 years in Saxony; 84 1/2 years in Saxony; 86 1/2 years in Saxony; 88 1/2 years in Saxony; 90 1/2 years in Saxony; 92 1/2 years in Saxony; 94 1/2 years in Saxony; 96 1/2 years in Saxony; 98 1/2 years in Saxony; 100 1/2 years in Saxony.

The Merry Hour.

A farmer wrote as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under obligations for introducing a variety of swine: "Respected Sir,—I went yesterday to the cattle show. I found several pigs of your species. There was a great variety of hogs, and I was astonished at not seeing you there."

A BACHELOR ON WIVES AND DINNERS.

Johnson was right. Although some men adore wisdom in woman, and with wisdom crum her, There isn't one in ten but thinks far more of his own "grub" than of his spouse's grammar.

Little folks will frequently say very clever things at the expense of the big ones. Says a humourist, "My friend Robert Soan is a gay bachelor of some thirty-five years; and though he is a devoted admirer of the ladies, yet time has shown its workings on his brow, and a 'scratch' of the latest cut and fashion, now covers the place where the hair used to grow. He has a fine little nephew of some four summers, who is a close observer of everything around him, and with whom 'Uncle Robert' is an especial favourite. While seated at breakfast one morning, the chat of the ladies, young and old, suddenly ceased, when 'our Willie' broke the silence with 'Ma, ma, I'll tell you something—Uncle Robert puts on his hair like a jacket.'"

A parish clerk of a poetical turn, in his own estimation composed the following to celebrate the visit of the Bishop to confirm:—

Why do ye skip ye little, little hills,
And wherefore do ye keep?
Is it because ye're glad to see
His grace the lord beskep?
Why do ye jump ye little, little hills,
And wherefore do ye bopp?
Is it because ye're glad to see
His grace the lord beskep?

SCENE IN A SCHOOLROOM.

Said Master Beach to Willie Smith,
"Your hand, sir, in a twinkling."
Said Willie Smith to Master Beach,
"Twill hurt, sir, I am thinking."
"And if 'twill answer just as well,
I'll give my hand to Lilly Bell."
You know 'twon't hurt me near so bad,
And Lilly, dear, will be so glad."
The master looked as sweet,
As if he'd just been kissed;
And said in milder tones
"The school is now dismissed."

(From Punch.)

COMING LITERARY EVENTS.—"Skimmed Milk: A Domestic Story," by the Author of "Below the Surface." "The Tubbing Rooms of Trinidad: A Sketch," by Water Colours, published as a sequel to "The Baths and Wells of Europe." "Light a Lucifer: A Sensation Story," to follow "After Dark." "Chums of my Society," Descriptive Essays to accompany "Companions of my Solitude." "A Cupboard full of Chronicles," compiled by the Author of "A Storehouse of Stories." "Vacations among Valets," a Companion Work to "Holidays on Highlands." "Put into his Shoes," a Sequel to the Popular Novel "Step Yourself in his Place." "Tame Life in a Milkwalk: A Book of London Travel," written as a Companion to "Wild Life among the Kurds."

RATHER TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.—Mrs. Malaprop, when visiting the South Kensington Museum on one of the hottest days of this hot month, thought it rather an unseasonable proposal that she should be asked to go into the "Grill" Room. Mrs. M. abstains from arduous spirits during the warm weather.

A MYTHOLOGICAL MARKSMAN.—If Cupid were shooting at Wimbledon, he might or might not make bull's eyes; but he would make sheep's eyes.

A SONG FOR A FRANCH SALON.

Air—In Native Worth.
By active French superbly clad,
With diamonds and pearls adorned,
She drives les petits crevés mad,
When for a valise their hand is scorned.

Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

[These Announcements are inserted at the uniform rate of 2s. 6d. each.]

BIRTHS.

On the 16th instant, the wife of Mr. Anderson, Camden-road, of a daughter.
On the 14th instant, at Heathside, Maidenhead Thicket, Berks, the wife of A. Lawrence, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGE.

On the 14th instant, at St. Stephen's, Westbourne-park, by the Rev. F. Girdlestone, canon of Bristol, George Richards Harvey, Esq., captain 90th Regiment, to Beatrice Trevelyan, only child of the late R. C. Roomall-Cock, Esq., of Tuticorin, Madras Presidency.

DEATHS.

On the 15th instant, at 50, Wellington-road, Dublin, Miss Ellen Dickson, aged eighty-six.
On the 15th instant, at 8, Connaught-square, Hyde-park, Isabella, relict of W. F. Johnson, Esq.
On the 17th instant, Edward Scudamore, Esq., M.D., of Harbledown, Canterbury, aged eighty-four.

CHILDREN PLAYING AT MARTYRS.—We should not have supposed that "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" was a favourite in France, or that French children were entertained with the pretty little stories of Papal persecution with which our children's books abound, but a serious accident lately occurred on the Boulevard Mont-Parnasse in consequence of an attempt by some children to represent an auto-da-fé. They erected a pile of small sticks, says a French paper, and set it on fire. A pile of five years' worth of "Foxe's Book of Martyrs" was the result. The flames caught the clothes and those of the young inquisitors and executioners. These were rescued before they were much hurt, but the principal performer was very seriously injured.

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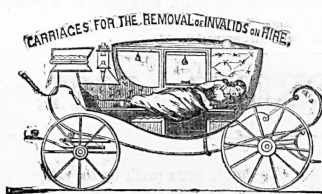
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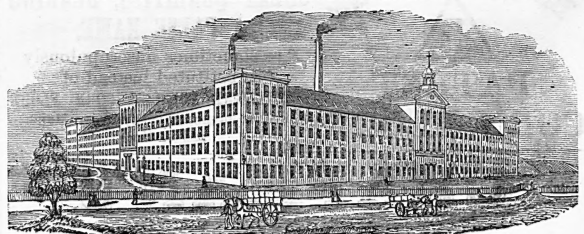


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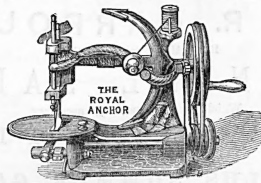
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